

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

OCTOBER 5, 1981

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brightest  
season**





## Player's Extra Light.

OCTOBER 5, 1981

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

VOL. 94 NO. 40

**Maclean's**

## COVER STORY

## Election's triumph

It used to be that Canadian authors were looked away in the socks sections of department stores to sell their wares. No more. English-Canadian literature has come of age. There are more writers producing more books with better quality and for more money than ever before and nothing proves the case more than this season's scorching best lists featuring a number of terrific best sellers. —Page 46

[illegible]

### Trudeau leaves home fires

Bankers and politicians decide that Canadians can handle high mortgage rates. —Page 21

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### Chilly encounter

Armed among East-West tensions, Hagg and Gromyko agree to arms control talks. — Page 26

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## Bowing to fashion

Nicolas de Largillière, the darling of Paris, had to pay the price of flattery — Page 61

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## Science in crisis

A pragmatic effort to boost applied research is threatening free discovery. —Page 43

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## Back to the boards

Quebec actress Chantal Lauro, her film career faltering, is back on the stage. — *Page 36*

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## Teach your children well

It is unfortunate that you chose to use such inflammatory rhetoric to describe the school situation in Quebec (*The Learning Tower of Babel*, Canada, Sept. 26). You characterize Quebec's school system as being "rife with political baffle" and imply that while for most Canadian pupils the start of school is an optimistic time, for Quebec's pupils this is not the case. This is an exaggeration. To speak of a "history filled with hate" is ill-considered rhetoric. In many ways Quebecers of all political stripes are far more tolerant of cultural and linguistic differences than most other Canadians. And certainly the general atmosphere in Quebec is far more calm today than it was five or 10 years ago.

—PATRICIA HARTLEY  
Richmond, Que.

I disagree with the tone of your article on the Quebec school system. Being a product of that educational system, I don't believe that Education Minister Gaston Lacombe's plan to homogenize it constitutes dragging it "back and screaming" into the 20th century. Quebec's school system has worked as well or better than those of its sister provinces and it has weathered language strife — JENNIFER HARRIS  
Quebec, Que.

## PASSAGES



**DEAD** Bob O'Connor, 68, is a Vancouver-based stage, screen and film actor. He starred in the stereotypical genre, who old-timey... He died in many of his best-known roles. He was the principal of O.G. Lodge #12 in the 1970 film *Barfly*. He was the New York Film Critics Award for best supporting actor, the onetime long-haired band chief and movie rights spokesman before his acting career in 1960 on CBS's *Garden of Eden*.

**APPOINTED** William Marshall as Newfoundland's chief energy spokesman. Marshall, 46, an 11-year veteran of the House of Assembly and chairman of the cabinet, will be the minister in charge of the province's energy "culture" and the province over all other resources, which begin this week. He replaces Lee Barry, who resigned two weeks ago, but



Quebec pupils: Asking and answering.

### A delicate Green Bell

Your article *Duplicity* into the Amazon's Put of Gold (October, Sept. 14) reinforced the apocalyptic scenario taken of the Amazon offering antidotal refuge to anyone who can conquer the "beastly Amazon jungle" or the "Geeves Hell." In reality, the Amazon tropical rain forest is a very fragile ecosystem that cannot withstand the intensive encroachment of a strictly economic development policy. The Brazilian government has tragically overlooked this sensitive biological environment in its reckless attempts to exploit the mythical wealth of the Amazon. *Black and White* magazine, the

writing in these terms you would not only have avoided a false image of unbridled wealth, but would have more accurately added to the need for a more realistic understanding of the Amazon. —HENRI E. WOLLMANN  
Toronto

### Swamping the wrong boat

Perhaps I missed something in the coverage of the outcome of the August federal elections. I thought Ed Broadbent, the NDP candidate, had defeated Jim Coates. What a surprise to read in your article *Joe Wild West* (Sept. 26) that the Tories had "swamped" the Liberals in the two elections. —DOUGLAS LUND  
Ottawa

### Justice on the board

Les Beasley's article *Aspening the Federal Arm* (October, Sept. 21) should be read by every member of every legislature in this country and taken to heart. Too many long trials absorbing vast amounts of talent have had their results rendered meaningless by persons on a far removed review board.

—BRYAN STEWART  
Barrie, Ont.

I cannot share Beasley's views. A long sentence can render a convict absolutely useless once he is released. I was present at a hearing of the parole board inside a prison and was very much impressed with its fairness. It gives hope to someone who previously had lost all hope.

—T. BOUTIN  
Quebec, Que.



**SWAMPING** Sandra Day O'Connor, as a justice of the United States Supreme Court. In a brief Washington news story, the *Arrows* judge became the 100th member and the first female to sit among the "brothers" on the court. O'Connor, who nomination was situated by anti-abortionists because of her voting record when sitting in the Arizona Legislature, except her opposition aside at confirmation hearings and was unanimously confirmed by a 99 to 0 Senate vote.

**CHARGED** Jack Henry Abbott, 32, with the stabbing death of a New York City waiter on July 18. Appeared in Boston City, La., the author of the highly acclaimed *In the Belly of the Beast* had been released from Utah State Prison a month before. He incidentally gave was largely due to the efforts of another author, Norman Mailer, who had hired him as a research assistant.



**WARRIED** Rock star Barbra Streisand, 36, to Cheryl Delann, 36, in an informal Toronto ceremony. Instead of a honeymoon, Delann quit her job with a music publishing house to take with her new husband, the former leader of The Grass Roots. She has obviously had a change of heart since he told an interviewer less than two years ago that he hated women.

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## What's the matter with kids today?

Unfortunately you showed little critical ability and a marked tendency to repeat clichés in your article *The Lost Kids* of the 7th (Living, Sept. 14). The cause of the current crisis among young people has little to do with "assimilation," "the Me decade" or any other similar rote buzz words. The majority of today's young people will be living at a lower standard than their parents knew. The growth in wages has ceased, for the first time since the 1930s, to keep pace with inflation. It is pleasant for well-fed intellectuals and journalists to lecture people about a return to less materialistic values, but when it comes down to reality a certain disillusionment tends to set in. And when faced with the curious posturing of politicians it is difficult not to be cynical.

—NARE S. GHOSH,  
Toronto

You only told half of the story about kids of the '80s. It is the system that has produced a sick society in an adversary system scenario has to be right and someone wrong. In our society which we are witnessing are two wrongs and/or two mistakes. You can't put a bandage on a wound that needs surgery. The system needs changing and thus the people.

—ELIZABETH A. MORRISON  
Victoria

Your article should have concluded with parents take heed, not heart. Some very good points were raised about the situation that is prevalent and the world situation which is so discouraging. If



Park youth, pleasant for well-fed intellectuals and journalists

parents began their child-rearing with mutual understanding and communication, relationships might be different. However, as usual we are faced with attempting to rectify a situation bred through ignorance.

—BRAD MADSEN  
Kitchener, Ont.

## Danger from the depths

Roderick McQueen's opinions in *Trapped in the Mills* (Culture, Sept. 7) are most dangerous in a democracy. They run counter to the principles of our laws that were well established by the wisdom of our courts from the beginning of recorded case law to the present. Our courts have viewed any activity that tends to attack or destroy public trust to be most serious and have always dealt with it in a most severe manner. If McQueen's privileges were followed it would allow the Ontario Securities Commission, at their discretion, to place certain people above the law.

—J. McINTYRE  
Moncton, N.B.

## To serve and ... ?

In your article on the McDonald commission (Black Maria, for *Senior's Costs*, News, Sept. 7) you state that because the new security intelligence agency "spooks" will be civilians, they will not have the "ruths" of police officers "notably the right to break the law." "and as if its operative ... has to make an 'if/else' issue, he or she will bring along a policeman." You would think that we would have learned that the only right of police officers is to uphold the law, not break it. If this is how the new agency intends to operate it would appear that the commissioners lost four years of their lives and Canadians a great deal of money.

—FRANIS MARIN  
Toronto

## Erudition in error

As Canadian, I am sure Peter Newman, Roy MacGregor and I would be interested to know whether Canada's east-line is 64,320 km long as reported in the editorial or more than 80,000 km, as in the cover story (*Not Enough Bangs for Our Buckle*, Aug. 31). This variance between two such erudite gentlemen should be emphasized!

—W. E. GELAND  
Guelph, Ont.

## Business and displeasure

All Pown's indifference to social concerns expressed by Amnesty International and others is a distastefully irresponsible (A *Sidewalk Quarrelsome*, Profile, Sept. 14). If this person embos in our business community's milieu, as you suggested, I believe that it is time to change values.

—C. PAUL, MONTREAL, QUEBEC  
London, Ont.

## Beyond compare

On the whole I like Allan Fotheringham's tongue-to-thee observations (*History Replayed in Portugal*, Culture, Aug. 31). There is always a good laugh, criticism, sarcasm and sincerity, but why does he still compare Germany with *Atlantic Home*? The Huns, under Attila, were barbaric people from Asia who wanted to conquer the Roman Empire and were defeated by the Goths, a Germanic tribe, in 451 AD. Isn't it about time Canadians showed understanding and respect to the German people, victims of Hitler the racist?

—MARGARET M. THOMSON  
Edmonton

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Most correspondence is letters to the Editor. Markers' request: 41 University Ave., Toronto Ont., M5S 1A2.



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# Policies based on poor excuses

*"Poverty simply isn't 'in' anymore as a political issue"*

By Bill Neville

Ten years ago Senator David Crill began the report of his Special Senate Committee on Poverty in Canada by declaring that "poverty is the great social issue of our time." In that year of 1971, according to Statistics Canada's definition, you were "poor" if you earned \$1,900 a year as a single person or \$4,400 as a family of four. Almost five million Canadians—25.1 per cent of the entire population—fell within that definition a decade ago.

Today StatsCan says you are poor if you make less than \$6,000 a year as a single person or \$10,000 as a family of four. Even at these inflated levels, almost three million Canadians—seen in every night—are now officially living in poverty. That's considerable progress from a decade earlier, but it hardly says we have solved the problem. In the



past five years the number of female-headed families living in poverty has actually increased, from 127,000 to 203,000. Yet what a decade ago was called "the great social issue of our time" today might best be described as the great silent issue of our day.

Poverty—more correctly, Canadian poverty as opposed to the North-South international variety—simply isn't "in" anymore as a political issue. Except for a few special-interest groups, Canadians have stopped even talking much less acting on this "great social issue of our time." The subject rated only 23 references, most of them hostile, in Hansard for the first 34 months of the current Parliament. Of the 60-odd bills dealt with, or currently before the House of Commons, only one, a \$13-a-month increase in the Guaranteed Income Supplement (GIS) for pensioners, could be termed an unambiguous measure.

All three federal political parties held general meetings during the past 10 months on the word "poverty" was hardly heard at any of them. During my five years as chief of staff to Joe Clark, policies to help the poor seldom received much discussion in Progressive Conservative inner sanctums. The major policy initiative the party took—as mortgage interest and property tax deductibility—would have helped the poor (an amazing number of those unemployed in poor, especially inner city, are also homeowners, but its target was clearly middle class suburbs).

What has happened to clearly visible the rallying cry of the "Just Society" and "Great Society" into the core issue of the '80s? Three things, probably. First, government leaders, especially federal government ministers, are in a tight and ungenerous mood. Second, the indifference of most social programs allows politicians to claim they have been sensitive and responsive to the needs of low-income Canadians. If you were poor before indexing, you're still poor with it; you just haven't fallen as far behind as you would otherwise. Third—and most impor-

tant of all—we clearly are in an age when income shares in our society are being determined by the rawest kind of power-politics among special-interest groups. Postal workers can claim \$25,000 because they have a refuse union, a Jean-Claude Parrot and the power to deny the rest of us as our mail server. The poor have no union, no leader and no power to even get our attention, much less punish us.

The cynical truth probably is that, while the poor get a particular kick in the teeth when economic times are rough, it takes good economic times for the rest of us, including our political leaders, to pay any real attention to their needs. When all of us are sharing in new national wealth, we are more likely to be in the mood to care a bit about our less fortunate citizens.

But even assuming times do get better and even assuming poverty is, at least one of "the great social issues of our time," we are going to have to take a very hard political belief if we are going to make any serious impact on the problem. When you strip away all the jargon of the so-called social assistance, you are poor for one reason and one reason only—and that is you lack money. Poverty can only be dealt with by putting more money in the hands of the poor and we will never put enough money in those hands as long as we insist on putting so much of it into neo-poor hands through universal programs.

This year, for example, Ottawa will pay out \$1.8 billion as universal Old Age Security and \$2.3 billion in GIS supplements to those in real need, resulting in the socially unambiguous situation in which a millionaire couple can collect \$440 a month, while a widow without a penny of her own will get exactly the same \$440 in federal payments. The federal government will spend as much on universal family allowances (\$2 billion) as it will put up for the most isolated Canadian. Another \$18 billion will pour \$1.2 billion in addition to all employer-employee contributions into an unemployment insurance program, which has little to do with unemployment or insurance—more than it is prepared to invest in manpower training and other programs to help those who really cannot find work, but who might at least take a job if offered one. It's a strange theory of income redistribution.

I never doubt that federal politicians, who ran away from our family allowances policy revision in 1975 because it was going to cut off families earning \$25,000 a year, are going to tackle the issue of universality without a push from the poor. It's a chilling thought, but it may well be that what the poor really need is a Jean-Claude Parrot of their own. At least he's able to get our attention.

Bill Neville is the former chief of staff to Conservative leader Joe Clark.

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Blacke few police fear gun: deep longing

governments are not helping of the moment?

**Tutu:** Not to the extent of being able to get South Africa to the conference table. If anything I would say the Rensselaer administration, with its so-called policy of "constructive engagement," is turning out to be an unqualified disaster. We have already seen what happened. As soon as the South African government saw there would be a new member in the White House they immediately stopped the Gensers talks on Namibia when everybody thought this time a trick was going to be turned. The South Africans have become more intransigent as a result of what appears to be a more favorable stance toward them.

**Mackin:** Do you see the Canadian government usually following the lead of Washington in its policy toward South Africa, or do you see a difference between them?

**Tutu:** I think that under Pierre Trudeau the stance has been much more independent of Washington and much more of the sort of thing we would like to see in many Western capitals.

**Mackin:** Do South see the Soviet Union as a more valuable ally than Western governments?

**Tutu:** Not valuable in the sense they would want to impose conditions. I think people always make that kind of mistake. But they are prepared to get help, just as the Allies in the Second World War never said, "Are we or are we not going to use States for help against the Nazis?" Our people, I think it is almost automatic, exercise common sense because it cannot satisfy the deep

longings of the black people. But they will certainly say anybody who is prepared to be an enemy of apartheid must be our friend. Anyone who is an enemy of our enemy is our friend. South African countries have tended to get their money where their mouths are.

**Mackin:** The government says it is changing. Why do you dispute that?

**Tutu:** Well, I would just give you one instance. Would you say the people in Nyanga, in Langk, where they have been evicted from single (hostel) quarters and made to live in the open in one of the hottest winters, would you say

change was happening? We were involved by a lot of rhetoric from Mr. Botha. Clearly now he has taken an option and the option is that they are going to be more reactionary, more conservative. I mean look at black affairs minister Pistorius Koohef. When he can say that a priority of the cabinet is looking at the question of blacks now living on white land that they are going to have more separate facilities if necessary. Being said by the man who two years ago declared in America that apartheid is dead.

**Mackin:** What do most blacks want?

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**Tate:** All they want is simply to be treated as what they are—human beings. And that means accepting the full consequences arising from the meaning of being human. Part of being human, unless you are a citizen in the land of your birth, you participate in political decision-making. Political decision-making is the most important thing, political power-sharing. Have it or it is a disaster. It comes through dialogue and negotiation, it is going to come when people say we are no longer interested in sharing, we are grabbing everything.

**Maclean's:** But a consequence of political power-sharing means blacks will hold the power because they are in the majority. Whites are afraid of this. Why do you expect them to give up power? If you were white, would you give up power?

**Tate:** I would look at the options. I know it's very difficult to want to give up privilege. They keep talking about wanting changes as long as things remain the same, which means they want to retain their privileges. If I hold on as I am doing, the chance are I am going to lose everything. I would be far better to share what I'm able to control the way things are going and, you, I will have a decline in my standard of living, but it is a very high standard in any case and I would be able to retain quite a few things. The point is, you see, blacks do not want—certainly not at this moment—they do not want to drive the whites into the sea. They keep saying, "Man, we want a nonracial society."

**Maclean's:** You are a churchman, why are you in politics?

**Tate:** I'm not in politics. I remain in the church freely. Quite plainly, it is because Jesus Christ says it matters whether a person is hungry or not hungry. It matters whether a person is clothed or naked, and He has said that you are going to be judged as to whether you are a bad Christian or a good Christian, whether you go to heaven or to the warmer place, by whether you did fairly or not in kind of things, you fed or did not feed hungry people, you visited or didn't visit prisoners.

**Maclean's:** Do you consider yourself a moderate?

**Tate:** I don't buy these labels "radical," "moderate." I just read the gospel as I understand it, and I would say the gospel of Jesus Christ is always radical in the original sense that it goes to the root of the matter.

**Maclean's:** What do you say to young people who say the only way we are going to have change is through violence?

**Tate:** I say, maybe you are right if these people are unreasonable, you are right that this is the direction we may have to go. But I'm saying you probably have

not exhausted every possible, viable means for bringing about change peacefully.

**Maclean's:** How do you see South Africa 10 years from now?

**Tate:** South Africa is going to be a non-racial state. There will be a bill of rights which secures individual rights protected by an independent judiciary. There will be a black prime minister. But in many ways color distinctions will be irrelevant. We will have a very non-racial state.

**Maclean's:** How well all this come about?

**Tate:** Ah, it's going to come about. I think now more through the activity of the masses. I think they are very much in the frontier now. And it's interesting, isn't it that American multinationals are appearing to be hating their jobs already and have met with (African National Congress of South Africa) setting (president Oliver) Tambo. I don't think they do that kind of thing just out of love. If they could help it they would not want to touch that kind of person, or the kind of person they imagine him to be, with a large pole. ☐



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# Tricky business at the border

*Smuggling between Northern Ireland and the Republic is almost a national sport*

By John Conroy

The land on both sides of the Irish border is lush and green. Rivers run through it and hundreds of country lanes, lined by hedges and walls of stone, stretch across the line that divides Northern Ireland from the Republic. On the surface, it is a land of calm. The British army, however, calls it a bandit country.

For soldiers, posting to the south Armagh region of Northern Ireland is considered the most dangerous in what remains of the British Empire. Here the Provisionals it is very strong, and the "Provos" are adept at staging hit-and-run attacks from the South, striking targets in the North with lightning speed, then retreating across the border. The army and the Royal Ulster Constabulary (the Northern Irish police), take few chances and move with-



Customs check (top right) illegal roads around army barrier

out without extreme caution. The presence of armed soldiers in the peaceful setting produces a peculiar tension, a constant sense that there is far more going on than meets the eye.

And there is. In one recent evening, Jimmy Kelly, a professional smuggler from south Armagh, drove a beat-up Volkswagen back and forth across the border on lanes hardly wide enough to hold a car. Kelly (not his real name), a stocky, curly-haired man in his mid-40s, works as a shopkeeper by day and a smuggler by night. He moves consumer goods, not weapons, and his motives are entirely economic. Like most Roman Catholics in the area, he favors the re-

unification of Ireland, which would eliminate the border—and a good portion of his income. Meanwhile he sees the border as a business opportunity.

Along Kelly's chosen route, this night only the slogans painted on the roads (IT MEETS AND TIES IS UNIFICATION) give any indication that this territory is any different than farmland elsewhere on the island. There are no customs officials, no police and only rarely is a soldier sighted. The locals wave to Kelly as he passes by. The son of a fisherman, who spent much of his youth on a bicycle delivering fish in the border region, Kelly knows the roads intimately. It is a knowledge that can-

not be picked up by studying a map: the border could hardly be more irregular or less imposing. It splits houses, barns and a churchyard, and it runs through the middle of several small lakes.

Smuggling of animals and consumer goods has been a way of life along the Irish border ever since it was created. Favorite items are pigs, cattle, hares, greyhounds, gamblers, alcohol, cigarettes, grain, bananas, meat, car radios, televisions and furniture. For the most part, they are not stolen but purchased legitimately. Smuggling in soldiers considered immoral. In fact, many smugglers believe the border is immoral, not the crossing of it. The customs and excise department in the North lists 16 approved border crossings, but is only too aware that there are more than 200 unapproved roads that cross the state line.

Because the IRA uses the unofficial roads to retreat to the Republic after their attacks, the army has tried to seal off many of Jimmy Kelly's routes. First, soldiers laid mines in the road, which the local farmers removed. The troops then tore up the Tarmac, but the farmers just laid gravel and smoothed out the surface. When the army tried blowing craters in the road, the natives just filled in the holes. Finally, the British laid in one metre high steel and concrete walls, but the locals have simply made roads around the walls.

Many local farmers fought back because they needed the thoroughfares to get to their fields or to the nearest town. But many others needed the lanes for their second income, derived from smuggling. "Take a 20-mile strip along each side of the border, and any farmer in it is likely to get involved in smuggling from time to time," says a Belfast customs agent. (His other principle in this story, he fears retribution if his name is used.) "There are 'Mr. Rags', professional smugglers who plan their operations meticulously, and little farmers who don't give it much thought, and there's room for both."

Unlike many of the locals who have been smuggling for generations, Jimmy Kelly got involved only seven years ago, when the Common Market made it particularly profitable. Since October, 1974, the EU has been paying subsidies to farmers to prevent competition among member states. The subsidy pays a subsidy to farmers who export livestock, grain and dairy products from a

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high-priced area to a low-priced market. A farmer exporting in the opposite direction pays a levy of the same amount, which is determined by the strength of the two currencies and the market prices in each state.

The scheme originated at a time when a subsidy was being paid on Southern pigs entering the North. Sensations began taking them from pigs into the North legally, collecting their subsidies and then illegally moving the same pigs back to the South to repeat the process. And Northern farmers smuggled their pigs into the Republic, only to bring them back home masquerading as Southern pigs eligible for subsidy. At its peak, the subsidy was 48 pence per pig, so a load of 300 so-called "dirty pigs" made a very profitable trip. (A pound is worth approximately \$2.26 Canadian).

"It was what we call a carousel fraud," says the Belfast customs agent. "Four to six 'Mr. Bigs' were involved, and then everyone who had a ferry and felt like it. We caught on when somebody looked at a todified increase in trade import statistics and said, 'They, that's not us.' There's not that many pigs in all of Ireland! Pigs have no identifying marks, and so it was a simple fraud. And moving the border is dead easy. There are hundreds of roads, and we are not capable of keeping them all under surveillance on a 24-hour basis."

In fact, customs agents can keep few roads under surveillance because they lack the manpower and because customs posts make easy targets for the IRA. And although there are many soldiers at the border, the troops don't count on smuggling so long as it isn't weapons. One popular means of eluding authority, employed by convoys of up to five trucks of smugglers, is to have a co-conspirator leave an idling truck or car blocking the path at certain strategic points. If customs officials do approach, by the time the car has been moved aside, the smugglers will have unloaded their cargo and retreated across the border. "You pull up and there is a broken-down lorry blocking the way," says the Belfast customs man, "and by the time you get by, all you can see are taillights in the distance."

Not surprisingly under these circumstances, prosecutions are few and far between. Agents claim some intimidation of the traders by confiscating their licenses and their cargo when they are caught in the act, and by working behind the scenes in trying to get the not to delay payment of subsidies to suspected smugglers. And those smugglers who are prosecuted are fined heavily: one cattle smuggler tried last January for offenses dating back to 1976 was fined £28,000, and one of his employees was fined an additional £1,000. The verdict had little effect on

## Home Movie.



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## Medium for the message

*The McLuhan centre is gone, but friends carry on his work*

The late Marshall McLuhan found many controversies with his outspoken proclamations on media and communications. It was a bitter irony, therefore, that when the University of Toronto closed his Centre for Culture and Technology last year, McLuhan himself was unable to speak in its defence. A stroke had left him hard of speechless, so the unsuccessful protest against the closing was led by an array of friends and admirers from Tim Wolfe to Buckminster Fuller.

Most vocal in his plea was U of T associate physics professor Robert Legay, a close friend and collaborator. Shortly after McLuhan's death last winter, Legay hit upon the idea of continuing the centre's Monday evening seminars, informal gatherings of scholars and laymen interested in McLu-



McLuhan reading seminar in 1969: "an inclination to travel light and fast"

han's ideas, and in communications generally. "I wanted to carry on the same merry intellectual festival we had when McLuhan was alive," says Legay.

It was valuable to do—it was part of our soul." With the active participation of McLuhan's son Roy, Legay joined forces with Derrick de Kerckhove, an associate professor of French and one of McLuhan's French translators, to establish their own "Culture and Technology" seminars. Attendance at the delightfully low-profile meetings has been open to anyone who has managed to find out about them. Says de Kerck-

hove: "We didn't want a flood of McLuhanites bearing down on us and turning it into a walk."

The stream of enthusiasts has been steady enough, however, to ensure continuation of the seminars this fall. The format is loose—participants are guests talk or give papers, and discussion follows. Topics range from biblical exegesis to the sensory uses in a labyrinth at the gardens of Versailles. Participants range from professors to artists to the just plain curious. Like Alexander Campbell, a marketing manager at Laura Secord Candy Shoppe Ltd., who

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## CITY SCENE

# Playing to bring the school crowd down

*A modern-day Pied Piper is an educator's dream come true*



Schneider and his kids, cracking their cultural barriers

By Alan James Mayer

**T**hough going back to school after a summer vacation is never fun, most of Toronto's elementary school students will easily overcome the blackboard blues. But for thousands of immigrant children recently arrived from China, Southeast Asia, Africa and the West Indies, that first encounter with a Canadian school will be the toughest test of their young lives.

"You can see the terror in their eyes," says Gayle Kivsh-Sarkis, a North York teacher in the city's English as a Second Language and Dialect (ESL/D) program. "A kid just off the boat is scared stiff," she observes. "He has no friends, speaks no English and is totally lost when you put him in a classroom."

About one-quarter of North York's public schoolchildren were born outside Canada. This year the borough will spend \$5.5 million to teach 5,000 students English and help them adjust to their new home. Other Metropolitan Toronto municipalities fund similar programs with hundreds of special teachers working with the timid and

often voiceless youngsters. But breaking through their reserve they take months, so some ESL educators have been asking on Bob Schneider, a modern-day version of Robert Browning's famed Pied Piper of Hamelin, to crack the kids' cultural barrier the way true pipers do—with universal magic music.

Schneider, a 35-year-old Toronto supervisor and musician, has dined with pop robots in flavor of blue jeans and baseball caps, and speaks with a friendly Bronx accent (he arrived in Toronto from New York nine years ago). The enchanted fute has been replaced by a Martin guitar but, unlike other kooky experientialists, Schneider doesn't just perform for the children, instead he charms them into writing and singing songs themselves.

"Bob reaches out to all children, but especially the shy, frightened or repressed among them, believes they self-confidence and gives them something joyful to sing about," enthuses Jean Haddadombe, North York's Board of Education ESL/D co-ordinator who first hired Schneider three years ago to

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encourage an 8th grade at Baycrest school to make up songs about their own special world. Schneider began by getting the children to talk about simple things they did, saw and heard on their way to school in the morning. Then, by adding melodies and rhythms, together they composed several catchy tunes.

"To get a word into a song and know that it's in and that you made it up is quite a feeling for these kids. I just let 'em know how good they're doing," Schneider explains, somewhat modestly, for teachers speak in awe of the

manner in which he beames into a class, carrying on in his charismatic way and teaching the mature youngsters as only a man, while a tag kid like Schneider's real magic to his warm and remarkable support with young people. They trust and relate to him and he doesn't let them down. After all, papers have never been ones for modest achievements. "Give me a group of kids for a few hours," he promises, "and I'll have them singing and dancing like they've been doing it all their lives."

As they work out gestures to accompany the songs, the girls start to wig

their fingers like neezy Rodentini and the boys wig with viceroid mouths while Schneider peppers the rehearsal with Broadway choruses like "This is show business, baby—in my leader! Leader! Okay, okay—we're cool—we're cool." And somehow all the professional ego and start transforms the timid kids into trougers. Schneider lets them know they can be stars too, and it's a scene out of Disney a couple of days later when children as inhibited they wouldn't talk in class follow the paper onto a stage and, in front of the entire school, put on a rickety, fluff-filled show for their parents and peers. Laughs and laughing, leaning little black, yellow, white and brown faces, singing exuberantly in Bronx-accented English.

After the show the kids clamor around begging Schneider to stay on for more. But they have learned to pull for each other now, so he picks up his guitar and, with a tip of his baseball cap, he's off to other Toronto public schools—Eglinton, Harbord, Nelson Road and many more are all eager to book his services. Word of his magic is spreading. Schneider, who is paid \$15 per half-day session (it takes three to six sessions before the kids are ready to perform), has invitations to appear with local children at educational conferences this year in Regina and Winnipeg.

Recently Schneider recorded and released an album of the kids' greatest hits called *Listen to the Children* so on teachers and parents could try the paper routine themselves. But it wouldn't be the same to the kids at Baycrest. Jeanette, a little 11-year-old girl, says wistfully, "There's only one Bob." ☐



Photo: Bob Schneider

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### CANADA

## Trudeau leaves the home fires

*The travelling salesman had to miss the constitution show back home*

By Robert Lewis

*Is the agreement of the provinces of Canada constitutionally required?*

**T**he straightforward, ostensibly simple question lay at the heart of an issue that consumed the nation for 16 months and was destined to cause federal political grief no matter how the Supreme Court answered it: this week. And the man who had written, produced, directed and starred in the drama was sitting for the final act. After a hectic week (involving a suitcase shuffle and a fight with producers over the format of an economic summit), Pierre Trudeau flew off to still for nuclear reactors in authoritarian Korea before moving to the Commonwealth Conference in Melbourne.

The court's decision—which came 26 hours after Trudeau's want-to-pretend-invisibly overboarded all the salesmanship and statesmanship. The playwright's first act had been performed back in May, 1984, when, with 39 members assailing sovereignty-associ-

tion, Trudeau undertook to repay a constituency in Quebec with a new constitutional deal. The question ultimately sketched eight of the 39 provincial leaders, tried great swatches of the economy and forced nine countable judges of the high court to agree for more than four months. At the end of his constitutional judgment day, de-fendant Trudeau was 11,000 km from Ottawa when, really, he wanted to be at home, if not in bed.

Instead, because of the 15-hour time difference on the other side of the international dateline, the PM planned to sit up until 11:30 p.m. to hear a live feed, by trans-Pacific speaker-phone, of Chief Justice Brian Dickson reading the verdict. Trudeau was then expected to retire, while his lawyers back in Ottawa prepared—and transcribed—a written summary of the decision. Unsummarized as he is to prelude darkness, Trudeau would rise around 8 a.m. Tuesday to read the file and debrief his experts in Seoul and Ottawa. Then he

would go to a television studio and, before a full day of touring in the countryside south of Seoul, make a statement and take questions for a CBC satellite feed broadcast back to Canada—in time to make "yesterday's" newsmen.

Trudeau touched off the court battle last October when, after attempts at consensus with the provinces failed, he opted to press on alone. The discussion (all but Ontario and New Brunswick) were repelled soon by a charter of rights that would restrict the powers of their legislatures and Parliament and a constitutional amendment scheme that would allow future changes by referendum instead of legislative votes. Throughout, the provinces argued that a constitutional convention prevents changes in their powers without their consent. Ottawa disagreed, submitting that the convention issue was a matter for historians and political scientists, not judges.

In February, the Manitoba Appeal Court ruled 3 to 2 in favor of Ottawa, in

\*At 11:17:17, for 33 minutes.

**Maclean's**  
VOL. 10 NO. 41



Soldier uses rifle butt during Rwanda riots: 'no place' to connect

March Newfoundland's Supreme Court went 3 to 2 for the province and in April Quebec's Appeal Court decided 4 to 1 for the feds. The combined appeals went before Laskin's court late in April. Trudeau later grounded that the final decision, or a matter so crucial to their man's political and personal future, would be rendered while he was on a long-scheduled foreign abroad.

The 10-day trip, ending with a rest stop in Fiji next week, in fact was trimmed from an original three-week jaunt that also was to include the Philippines, Indonesia and Papua New Guinea. With the domestic economic and political scene in tatters, however, Trudeau's political handlers insisted that he concentrate on peace-making at home, especially since he has spent 40 days abroad since last January before leaving for Seoul. Trudeau and his intimates snatched Ottawa out of its post-summer doldrums with the familiar determination of Gorbachev at the run.

Belatedly, Ambassador Peter Towbin in Washington, Energy Minister MacLachlan in Calgary and officials in Ottawa, told Washington harshly in the embarrassment of official and Oil Patch circles about the a national energy plan. Finance Minister Allan Rock had held talks with bankers (see following story) and scheduled a prebudget session this week with his provincial counterparts. Trudeau, meanwhile, signed a new energy agreement with British Columbia's Bill Bennett. Later, however, the two leaders, like warriors at Panzavilla, failed to agree on terms

pre-departure press conference Friday. On a tour of archeological digs scheduled for a district south of Seoul, Trudeau would be near the site of the bloody Korean army attack at Kwangju against students in May, 1980, in which 240 were killed and thousands injured in Korea's version of Kent State. The Kwangju region once was the stronghold of Kim Jong Doo, a popular figure who planned to use his own military strength to overthrow the South Korean president. Kim is now in prison, along with a dozen of his key supporters. The New York Times estimates a total of 25,000 prisoners are now being held in every 45-day riot cycle without trial and with no charges brought against them. According to Western church leaders and activists, torture of political and other prisoners has continued since Chun's embrace by the Reagan administration earlier this year.

Rev. Paul Bayliss of the United Church of Canada's World Outreach program, and a member of the Washington-based North American Committee for Human Rights in Korea, claims that Canada is playing a negative over-principle deal with Korea—particularly in Trudeau's drive to sell the Koreans more nuclear plants under the federally financed and troubled CANDU program. "If we really have some conviction about human rights," says Bayliss, "we should not be taking advantage of other people to improve our lot." United Church Moderator Len Wilson urged Trudeau not to go to Seoul, but got no substantive response. Canada-Korea trade is approaching the \$1-billion level, with next year's start-up of the first CANDU reactor in Wolsung, a symbol of bold hopes for more trade—and a site Trudeau planned to visit this week.

After flying through the night Tuesday, Trudeau was to arrive in Melbourne just in time for the official opening ceremonies of the eight-day Commonwealth conference. The informal agenda is brimming with contentious issues, among them New Zealand's future membership in a Commonwealth agreement, to prevent the start of a South African rugby team, Pakistan's desire for readmission to the club, and the uncertain future of the black majority in the South African-backed, white regime in Namibia (South West Africa). Host Malcolm Fraser, along with Trudeau and the majority of the diverse leaders, want to make the North-South dialogue the prime focus of the Melbourne talks. The hope is that the Commonwealth can give a positive spin to the drive to improve the lot of poor countries, through concessions by the wealthy, in advance of this month's North-South conference in Cancun, Mexico. A key question that may be ar-

rowed at Melbourne is whether Nigeria, as one state, will approve the notion of oil-rich nations funding energy exploration and development in energy-poor countries. Like Reagan in Washington, Britain's Margaret Thatcher favors encouraging the private sector—not governments—to lead the way.

Trudeau, who started out with an imminent successor slide at Marlborough House in London in 1983 but emerged as a respected force, will likely be attending his last Commonwealth session. The signs will not come at Melbourne, or even around the official talks where the leaders will take their weekend retreat in Canberra. The turning point would be the historic, piped-in decision from Ottawa's Supreme Court of Canada. A negative judgment might prove the Trudeau era, a positive one could serve him as the crowning achievement of his public life.

With files from John Hogg

## Ottawa

### Landlords in sheep's clothing

The late September snowfall in the snowdrifts across the austere mountain lake, and the leaves on the far hills shane amber and scarlet among the evergreens. But the woods, strung, were thick with bankers' blue suits. Some 50 of the country's top bankers and economists gathered. Finance Minister Allan MacLachlan's lot to spend an afternoon last week thrashing out the vexing question of mortgage rates. From the smallest credit unions and the biggest banks and trust companies, they flew to Ottawa—and some leaving their (own) behind—look a chartered bus up to the government's capitol. Mack Lake retreat in Gatineau Park. They emerged blinking into the sunlight two hours later, declaring themselves dead against any government scheme for borrowers. Dead Robert MacLachlan, president of the Canadian Bankers' Association. "The people in dire straits are being taken care of case by case" by lenders and not some government body. "There's no need for a generalized measure."

MacLachlan, trying to square down the government deficit in his fall budget, was inclined to agree. "There is not going to be an over-all plan applicable to every homeowner," he acknowledged. Paul Goggin, on the other hand—as minister for housing—left the meeting still hoping for a program to assist those worst hit by the high cost of rising mortgages. Dead Goggin



Outpost behavior (below), MacLachlan (above center), bankers' staples

"There are people who are in dire straits, and my belief is that the government has to address people who are in that category." The spirit of the meeting was an agreement to begin a joint lender-government study of the issue, with MacLachlan hoping for a report within weeks.

As Congress noted, the lenders claim to have fewer hardship cases on their books than might be inferred from mortgage rates now running at a punishing 10 per cent or more. In fact, gov-

ernment and industry figures seem to show that rates of foreclosures and late payments in the first half of the year ran behind those of the past four years. Canada Mortgage and Housing Corp. reports only 4.26 per cent of mortgage loans to homeowners were in three months' arrears—against 6.33 per cent in July of a year past. The Bankers' Association finds the same pattern.

That said, the government and lenders are aware that the crisis could come with the rank of more than a million households due in the next two years. And far now, the industry insists it is not behaving like Charles Dickens' Daniel Quilp, who foreclosed on Little Nell's Old Curiosity Shop, lenders are offering various repayment schedules to help borrowers who are up against it. There is, however, some banker's skepticism. MacLachlan said many of the customer complaints have come from speculators working over the foreign sale of two or three extra houses. Declined William MacLachlan, chairman of the Bank of Montreal. "We really aren't concerned that you might ruin a Florida vacation. We are very, very concerned if you don't keep a roof over your head. The cases of that are very, very few."

The underlying message from the bankers—voiced last week by Bank of Canada Governor Gerald Borey—was that interest rates will only improve when inflation subsides. Borey defines in the influential U.S. rates would not be fully reflected in Canada, said Borey, "because of the failure to control our own inflation." With that said, MacLachlan was preparing to meet his provincial counterparts back at West-



STYLING: J. HOGG

Like this week—in the wake of one of the most prologous stock market declines since the Depression—to compare pre-bidulent notes. But the most contentious issue in federal-provincial relations will not be on the table. The federal plan now being completed to stretch the flow of cash and tax transfers from federal to provincial treasuries. That's faced just the treasurers—for equitization, medicines, welfare and the like—are put at \$13 billion. With most of the payment programs up for renewal next spring, MacBrien wants to start bargaining for new arrangements later in October.

Another set of talks—an economic conference with Pierre Trudeau requested by the premiers—looked last year last week. Trudeau told British Columbia's Bill Bennett that he would meet the premiers only behind closed doors, arguing from grain experience that public conferences always led to political posturing and provincial complaints about Ottawa. The feds were moved by Bennett's blunt assertion that "the essence of good government is constructive criticism." —JOHN HAY

## Quebec

### Anglos get signs of troubled times

Alain Slinger's cluttered Montreal store looks less like a stationary shop than a colonial outpost forgotten in the hinterland after Victoria. English troops had finally lowered the flag. A huge portrait of Queen Elizabeth II hangs over a display of royal and, and, and of stickers bearing the royal monogram draped to the walls. Upstairs, in the President of the Chamber of Commerce's executive room, the 64-year-old army veteran has hung portraits of old steam locomotives, John F. Kennedy and—most imposing of all—himself. Alain Slinger, champion of English-language rights in Quebec.

It is a rare title that the President of the Law Society of Quebec without previous. Last week, he appeared in a Montreal court charged with violating Quebec's Bill 101 language law. He was accused of placing old-fashioned English advertising signs in his shop regardless of refusing to remove his 27-year-old English-only business signs, which read: ALAIN SINGER LIMITED PRINTERS AND STATISTICIENS. Whatever previous difficulties it caused, Slinger's sign helped the province's anglophones with a welcome counterpart to a series of recent reversals which they have suffered. For one thing, a public opinion poll showed that anglophones now see

an exclusively French-speaking province as a vehicle for getting rich quicker. For another, a new man, anti-English commissioner was appointed to find a solution to the problem of pupils fluently attending English rather than French schools. Then, say hope for equal status was all but lost when Liberal leader Claude Ryan, who many anglophone see as their last hope in Quebec, reaffirmed his support of French-first policies in the province.

For his part, Slinger is the first of those charged with breaking the language law who has opted for a court fight. (A study firm paid two \$50 fees earlier this year after winning a suit in displaying English for ALAIN SINGER.) The accused linguistic delinquent lost no time in winning a delay in his trial—so that he may first pursue his separate challenge to the constitutionality of the language legislation before Quebec's

store window announcing BILLIONAIRE ANGLAIS. In April, Slinger was provincial candidate in Westmount for the President Party. Ryan was first of the Liberal's 25,636 and the Parti Quebecois 4,772.

Slinger's court battle rears at a particularly troubling time for Quebec's anglophones. A published opinion poll shows that, among francophones, support for a hard line on imposing French rules in relation to education and income—an indication that Bill 101 is seen by French-speaking Quebecers as a lever for their own economic advancement. In addition, to dispose of the problem of about 1,600 children of immigrant parents legally attending English schools, the anglophone note, Education Minister Camille Laurin, accepted a one-time compromise in the person of justice Piquette Piquette



Slinger: a sign of the times

Supreme Court, due to hear the case in December. Dissensions from anglophones will pay part of his legal fees, but Slinger is taking the federal government to court over the rest, saying Ottawa was derelict in the first place by not using its power in 1971 to disallow Bill 101.

Slinger's sensitivity as an English-rights defender is clouded by his sometimes unimpeachable views—he says French should have been banned from Quebec courts in 1867. His unrelenting, too, includes such words and indications as "Francophones" and "Jewish gentiles." He chose, also, to taunt francophones by placing a sign in his

store window announcing the PQ to school English schools. With compulsory immigration Minister Gerald Godin sweet-talking them on one hand and Laurin bullying them on the other, some anglos felt like dopes in a good-rop, bad-rop routine.

That was not all. Last week, the CMC renewed a request to transmit English-language television signals from the provincially owned Eastern Townships station of Mount Orford, using a tower already carrying French-language CBC broadcasts. The request involved a sensitive issue. Though both sides have held the issue private, two years ago the CMC was refused provincial permission to reach 38,000 township anglophones



Ryan: nothing twice so much

now without direct access to English-Canadian television. But the antinote of all came last week from a significant change in the political pitch of provincial Liberal leader Claude Ryan, who many anglophones considered to be the last line of defense against French rule. Though Ryan did not in fact say anything new, his commitments to maintain the inferior legal status of English and to put Quebec's interests ahead of those of Canada were made in firmer terms than ever before. "That we continue to hope for equal legal status of the two languages is denying," he declared. Further, he affirmed, Quebec under a Ryan government would maintain current constitutional guarantees for English only if Ontario were forced to accept the same for French in a revised constitution. Added Ryan: "Article 133 of the British North America Act, which guarantees the use of the two languages in the National Assembly and in court proceedings, is going to be retained—provided that it will also apply to the province of Ontario."

Ryan is still wildly angered by what he considers to be Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's betrayal of overt to unilaterally rejecting his package of constitutional modifications. And he blamed his election loss on his party's failure to convince French-speaking Quebecers that the Liberals would "serve their interests and legitimate aspirations without any kind of compromise." By implication, in his devotion to federalism, he blamed himself with martyred memory Jean de Beloeil. "I've suffered enough for Canada. I do not think too many people have suffered half as much as I have in this province in defending the name of Canada." —DAVID THOMAS

## Alberta

### A murder rerun in prime time

Hundreds of friends and neighbors jammed the St. Nazareth Lutheran Church in Standard, Alta., on July 3 when funeral services were held for murder victim Kelly Cook, a popular 19-year-old abducted from her home April 25. The murder remains unsolved, but next week the morose telling of the church will be heard over most of Alberta when a half-hour television documentary is aired in an effort to find new clues to Cook's killer. It will also alert parents to the dangers their children can encounter in the most ordinary of situations.

Who killed Kelly Cook, produced by a new Calgary-based film company,

Crossroads Productions, will take viewers back to Standard during the Easter weekend and trace the movements of the girl's suspected abductor. A dark-haired stranger, perched at the time by lawless in "arrogant," was noticed on the Standard Hotel bar and in the local co-op grocery and service station. Identifying himself as Bill Christensen, a student at the University of Alberta, he was seen at the farm community 80 km east of Calgary, the man had phoned around by a lady-killer, convinced Cook and picked her up in his car on the evening of April 25. Cook's parents had instructed her to phone home as soon as she got to the job—but they never got the call or saw her alive again. Neighbors and police mounted a search within hours, but although 250 people covered a 1,200-square-mile area on foot and horseback, by four-wheel-drive vehicles and with aircraft, no trace of Cook or her kidnapper was found. Eight weeks later, trail blazers exploring Chen Lake, 250 km south of Standard, found Cook's decomposed body. It was bound with rope and weighed with two concrete blocks in an irrigation lake. Police have revealed only that she probably died of asphyxia.

The idea for the film came to Crossroads President John Mitchell, writer and narrator of the documentary, during the funeral. He once approached the Calgary firm for their co-operation and Staff-Sgt. Ted Ellis applauded the idea for two reasons. "Any spark of interest that we can generate that would provide more information would be welcome," says Ellis. "But we're also looking at the preventative aspect. We're trying to alert people to the dangers of sending their children off to hang-out with people they don't know." The Calgary scene, like other scenes, has previously

Cook (above), on the set for someone who hasn't put something together yet



used 75 documentaries to try to make readers aware. "I didn't do as my god," says Ellis, "but we couldn't turn this one aside because there's always the possibility it might."

Michael and his brother Ron McIlwain hope the film might jog the memory of "someone who hasn't put something together yet." The film was shot in two weeks on location, with police, neighbors and the Cook family recreating the disappearance and search. The \$28,000 budget was raised entirely by donations from five Calgary real estate and development companies, and the film was donated free to five Alberta TV stations capable of reaching 80 per cent of the province's population. "While the film is being broadcast, senior investigators in six subdivisions around the province will scan telephone lines, hoping to deal with a flood of new information on the killer who, they believe, deliberately staked his victim before deciding to snatch her."

"Nothing will bring Kelly back," says Cook's father, Walter, but the family went along with the film-making in the hope, and Cook, that "this program can prevent the same thing happening to someone else. And, last but not least, we're hoping to catch this guy."

—SUSANNE SWARREN

## National

### The stamps of disapproval

The new Post Office Corp. came up with its New Year's resolution last week—a rate increase on Jan. 1 and no promise of improvements in service. And this resolution is a whopper—a boost in the cost of a 39-cent (officially more than an ounce) letter to 30 cents for first-class domestic delivery from the current 37 cents a letter. Breaking with tradition, the cost of a similar U.S.-bound letter will increase to 30 cents from 27 cents and the cost of a 39-cent overseas delivery will jump to 60 cents from 55.

The new increase is all but settled, although a loud enough public outcry could result in a rethink of the proposed rates. "I wouldn't want to close any doors," says Postmaster-General Audet Quérellet. But that seemed unlikely, and if it hadn't been for the six-week strike of inside postal workers this summer, he added, the new rates would already be in effect.

The cost of almost every other service from post office boxes to change-of-address cards will go up as well. Those not slated for change include Canadian Forces' surface mail (their airmail gets headed like anyone else's), literature

for the blind and, of course, government mailing privileges. It's all part of a drive to put the deficit-plagued post office (1987 million this year and a projected \$290 million next year, if things aren't changed) back on an even keel. "Self-sufficiency for Canada Post," was the way the minister described it.

Customers have until Nov. 26 to air their views, and one of the questions the government will have to field is what are Canadians getting for the higher rates? First-class mail from Ottawa to Toronto, for example, can take a week. As the crow flies, that's about two kilometers per hour, a level of service that will not likely be tolerated if it continues under the new regime.

Michael Warren, president of the new corporation, which will open its letter boxes on Oct. 16, has some ideas up his

sleeve. But he wants to keep them there for the time being. Warren adds that the post office will "start fresh on a whole series of fronts, which I don't want to get into at the moment." But in the same breath, he expressed optimism about putting the mail system back on time. Attracting business is going to mean better labor relations and this, almost axiomatically, means higher costs, he adds.

Warren is reluctant to convert himself as future rate increases. And whether customers can expect mailing costs to rise steadily, perhaps in line with inflation, he replied. "Not necessarily, but I think we have to be realistic." The main objective, said Warren, is to let the "business of profitability" into the rate structure so that the business sector—which accounts for more



Warren (left), Quérellet across up the stairs

than 80 per cent of post office business—is not controversially magnified. Complaints such as dirt-mail, mail-bagging houses are particularly sensitive to postal rate increases.

Comparisons with other countries are inevitable. In the United States, a one-ounce, first-class mailing costs 16 cents (about 32 cents Canadian), whether the destination is in the U.S. or Canada. It has been at that level since last spring, and U.S. officials say a further increase is unlikely in the near future. In Britain, a 66-gram letter costs 14 pence, about 35 cents Canadian, and a 39-gram letter in France costs the equivalent of about 31 cents. A 39-cent Canadian rate will be three times higher than it was just five years ago, and almost eight times greater than the four-cent letter rate in 1951. Today, ironically, that same four-cent stamp in mint condition sells for 50 cents to collectors.

—KEN POLK



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# Encounter of a chilly kind

By Jane O'Hara

They arrived for their scheduled showdown like two heavyweight prizefighters who were anxious to get down to toe-to-toe slugfests. U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig arrived first. He was ushered into the U.S. mansion in the United Nations by an overwhelming entourage of crew-cut Soviet Service men, who had earlier cordoned off the black outside the building. Twenty minutes later, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, surrounded by his own square-jawed warriors, dressed up in a family of black business suits—an automotive display usually reserved for the extremely gaudy of a Nika boss.

Then the protagonists squared off. After four hours and 45 minutes of "brank and brawls" (closed-door discussions), Round 1 was over. The decision, diplomatically announced in a joint communiqué, told us it was a rematch. A Haig spokesman said the United States and the Soviet Union had agreed to begin talks Nov. 30, aimed at limiting theatre nuclear forces (medium-range nuclear missiles) in Europe. Code-named Operation Zero, the talks are likely to drag on for years with



Haig and Gromyko at the United States' UN session: two heavyweights in the ring

such of the superpowers demanding concessions that the other is not prepared to grant. For their part, the Americans will be looking for the baiting or, ideally, the dismantling of the Soviet's 256 SS-20s (a triple warhead missile, each warhead carrying a half-megaton of explosive) now aimed at Western Europe. In turn, the Soviets will attempt to derail American plans

to deploy 852 Pershing II and cruise missiles in Britain, Italy and West Germany in late 1982.

The Haig-Gromyko talks came on the heels of their respective foreign policy addresses to the 36th session of the General Assembly. They were the first high-level contacts between the Krem- lin and the Reagan administration since it assumed office eight months ago. If

anything, the discussions signalled a shift in tone in the part of Washington, with the rhetoric of confrontation giving way to a rhetoric of negotiation tempered by caution. It was a prediction in part consolidated by the desperate clamor over defence spending in light of Reagan's recent round of harsh budget cuts (see page 36). At the same time, the talks were fueled by American-European allies. Washington's friends fear that the hawkish Reaganites are not seriously pursuing arms talks with the Soviets—a critical pre-

LU security police stand atop wall to keep anti-Soviet demonstrators at bay



condition for U.S. deployment of the Pershing cruise missile when the deal was struck with the Carter administration in 1979.

Haig, who gingerly practiced for the Gromyko encounter by debating a Kremlin surrogate in Washington, showed restraint leading up to the talks, taking only a few perfunctory swigs at Soviet "adventurism" in his General Assembly address. Reagan, far from calmed the waters in a letter to Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev, which called for "restraint and reciprocity" in building a "stable and constructive relationship."

If this blithe new American spirit

## A very uncommon proletarian

Poland's Solidarity trade unions opened the second half of their annual congress that weekend with a show of down voting in their own. On the one hand, Prime Minister Wojciech Jaruzelski threatened a military crackdown of the movement did not rid itself of "anti-Communist" allies. On the other, Solidarity's Warsaw press bureau issued sharply decreased coverage of counter-attacks if the union attempted to seize power. Maciejko's correspondent thus Meusmann discussed the discrepancy between attitudes in an exclusive interview with Solidarity's founder, Lech Walesa, in *Rybnik*.

**MACIEJKO:** A year ago you told the world that Solidarity wanted nothing to do with politics. Yet at the first session of its congress in September some about 100,000 delegates were taken. How you changed course?

**WALESA:** I have not changed my point of

view. But the experiences of the past year have imposed certain changes on us. As things are, I am a quick guy, but we are determined to get back on the straight and narrow path of trade unionism as soon as we can. Meusmann's Revolution such as the end for free elections and the message of support for independent unions in the other Communist countries have been interpreted by other East bloc without us permission. Have you gone too far?

**WALESA:** If I had drafted that resolution in free trade unions it would not have been like the one that was adopted. It is so obvious that we support them that it did not need saying in that way, at that place and time. But you have to understand that we all want to be the same school. We all read newspapers, and every time we pick one up we see on the march the PROLETARIANS OF THE WORLD UNITE. That slogan is so deeply ingrained that all delegates were doing was carrying it in a logical conclusion. Meusmann's, Does Solidarity plan, at some change, to turn itself into a political party?

**WALESA:** About three-quarters of the



Walesa: too soon for free elections

population—effectively the entire adult population—are either members of this union or associated with it indirectly. Now I don't mean to say that it should be the exclusive right of those within our movement to represent our society, but within our ranks we could find quite a few competent and qualified candidates who could contribute to setting the country to rights.

**MACIEJKO:** Many of your own members were shocked when you told the congress that what was needed now was a powerful leadership, perhaps even a dictatorship, and that the dictator might be yourself. Were you talking about the country or the union?

**WALESA:** To me the word dictatorship signifies something quite different from its conventional meaning. I mean that we, in the union, have to be our own dictators, to be more disciplined and act more efficiently. But I was not talking about dictatorship in the classic sense, that would be impossible in our society. Meusmann's: The congress called for free elections, a demand that has once been withdrawn. Is democracy feasible in Poland today?

**WALESA:** When I start to something, I like to do the job properly. Our own union elections did not run that smoothly, so how could we try to run parliamentary elections? We're not ready for that yet. Let's get things sorted out within our own ranks first. When we're leaved to do that we can start thinking about elections on a national scale.

was welcomed in Western Europe's capitals, the subcommittee was all but lost in Gromyko, whose 24-year stint as foreign minister goes back to the days of John Foster Dulles. On the same day that Reagan's letter dropped on Brezhnev's Kremlin desk, Gromyko delivered to the UN roll was trade restrictions of Nikita Khrushchev's shoe-banging theatrics in 1959. As Afghan demonstrators burned the Soviet flag outside the black-glazed UN building, Gromyko rolled off charges of American interference around the globe from El Salvador to the Persian Gulf. Among other things, he accused the U.S. of "whipping up the arms race" in a bid for military superiority and castigated it for waging "undeclared war" in Afghanistan. That charge was sorted last week in a strangely timed allegation by President Anwar Sadat that the Americans had been shipping Egyptian arms to the Afghan guerrillas through Pakistan. Even without Sadat's claim, Gromyko's charges were amplified by the occasional release of the respected, London-based International Institute for Strategic Studies' report it revealed a steadily increasing European imbal-



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ances of medium-range missiles in favor of the Warsaw pact. The institute also reported that the Soviets have approximately three times as much nuclear firepower as NATO, only to add, with the Strasbourg logic of those who count warheads, that one "could not necessarily assume from this that NATO will suffer defeat in war."

Italy and Germany were scheduled to meet again this week for a second round of talks, which the officials believe will eventually lead back to the salt-harvesting table. The two rivals will again engage in serious battle as they wait for the photographers to snap history. The serious fighting only begins when the doves are shot—and it may be months before anyone learns who threw the telling punch and how much long-term weight it carried. ☐

## France

### Life in the fast train

In an eight-page spread, *Le Monde* intimated in its "Trains of the century." At an inaugural whistle-stop banquet, President François Mitterrand added it as a sign that France intends to remain an innovative nation. "Propelled by such heated rhetoric, and an 8,000-horsepower electric motor, the shark-nosed Train de Grande Vitesse (TGV), slid from beneath the stormy glass vaults of the Gare de Lyon last week, laden with cabinet ministers, journalists and the hopes of the railway industry.

Later, just outside St. Florentin, in Burgundy, passengers felt a sudden jolt. At the same time, the partial lens-cape beyond their window windowed to a blur and the TGV signaled

Mitterrand in the 'cocktail' a sign that France intends to remain innovative



that it had not only hit its 260 km/h stride, it had achieved its allotted place in real history. The TGV is actually capable of hitting 300 km/h, a record set on a test track last February. It leaves such rivals as Japan's Tokyo-Hakata Bullet train (218 km/h) and Canada's Montreal-Toronto Turbo (150 km/h) far behind. By whittling the four-hour, 100-km Paris-Lyon run to two hours and 46 minutes, the train is setting the pace for a series of other national rail lookalikes which could shrink the entire country into a suburb of Paris.

Since that vision coincides nicely with the Socialist blueprint for deconcentration, the government has been only too glad to climb aboard the TGV bandwagon. But the official banjo does not obscure the fact that the train of the century was once the train nobody wanted—least of all the Socialists themselves. An opposition crusade was joyfully recruiting, the social democratic failed to vote a single centime for it in the national budget. When first introduced,

Super-train on inaugural run, speeding to its place in rail history

in the time of Charles de Gaulle, the project was denounced as "unrealistic and ruinous." And in 1968, when the chief of the Société Nationale des Chemins de Fer tried to interest the transport ministry in the first, reproducible test studies, his letter went unacknowledged for a year. The government bowed instead to pressure for additional funds from the freshly built Lyons airport and the state-owned national airline, Air Inter.

The 1974 oil crisis caused an abrupt change in official thinking. As fuel prices skyrocketed, the government gave the go-ahead to TGV, which beats Air Inter's Paris-Lyon flying time and is 25% cheaper. But the train, whose 3,000-horsepower electric motor is rated the most energy efficient of any other current transport power unit, is nevertheless an economy that comes at a considerable price. So far, the world's fastest train has cost an estimated \$1.6 billion—\$1 billion to acquire the 10,000 and parcels needed for the track, \$600 million for the 67 18-car trains. Moreover, engineers had to plot the new wide-curve, tunnel-free route around some unusual detours: a historical Roman road, a clunky Burgundian railway and the proud Chablais vineyard.

The final ecological hurdle was surmounted when a 1976 High Court ruling gave the all clear signal. Now, the government is counting on TGV to pull the nation's ailing rail industry out of the red—and perhaps be exported eventually to Brazil and the United States. Last week Mitterrand announced a second TGV to bring alienated Brittany within two hours and Bordeaux within

three of Paris. He also vowed to speed rail over its central dispute, north-southward to Brussels and, should the long-chewy ever Channel Tunnel materialize, north to London.

Still, triumph technology alone may not be enough to guarantee the TGV's success. Production of the faster-than-sound Concorde—whose enormous losses have caused the British and French to cease production—has proven that. To turn a profit on the Paris-Lyon run, the train will have to turn an additional six million new passengers a year. To that end, the government has launched a glossy \$3-million advertising campaign and installed hostesses, decked out in blazer suits by the couturier Carven, to dole out the plastic menu trays in the swarms, air-cabin-like cars. Still, even at 260 km/h, the TGV wasn't fast enough for at least one passenger last week. To get to the inauguration outside Lyons on time, Mitterrand, the son of a wartime statesman, took the plane from Paris.

—MARY MCDONALD

## Bangladesh

### 'Dead men tell no tales'

Even by the standards of an impoverished nation, born in bloodshed and a decade ago and scarred by coupe and martial law, the souls of the executioners were staggering. Last week 12 officers in the Bangladesh armed forces were hanged for their alleged participation in last May's murder of President Sheikh Rezaul Karim. Within hours, an angry call was setting fire to government houses and cars in the capital of Dhaka, violently underlining the dilemma that the country faces as it heads toward a Nov. 15 presidential election.

Democracy in the Asian nation has



Sheikh Rezaul Karim's funeral

Sheikh Rezaul Karim's funeral

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reported Indian newspaper. The *Sanketan* caught the mood of growing skepticism in Bangladesh. "Those who might have contradicted the government's version have all been eliminated," it declared. "The reaction will remain that their legislation was dictated by the axiom that dead men tell no tales."

Still, the political parties opposing Zia's Bangladesh National Party (BNP) in the presidential stakes have not been silenced. Indeed they have made several tactical gains. Initially, the government scheduled the election for mid-September—a suspicious choice of timing because mosques regularly celebrate about half the country during that period. In response, the opposition, headed by the Awami League, threatened a boycott unless the date was changed to mid-November and the emergency imposed after Zia's murder lifted. The government quickly gave in and 46 candidates have now filed nomination papers. By piling day, however, the contest is expected to have become a head-on fight between the Awami League and the BNP. The league's nominee is former foreign minister Khaled Mosharraf, who enjoys the backing of Harna Wazed, the influential daughter of the country's first prime minister, Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, who was murdered along with many of his family in a 1971 army coup.

The likely winner, however, is Acting President Abdur Sattar of the BNP. A former judge, Sattar, 75, initially declined the nomination claiming ill health. But factional fighting within his party persuaded him to reverse his decision. And, come Nov. 25, a lower sympathy vote for his murdered son's predecessor is expected to land Sattar, however reluctantly, back in the president's office.

—FREDERICK NICHOLSON



MacGowan (below right) with Britain's Lord Canning, Crocker-Ball vs. West



York by the United Nations' five nation contact group" (the group responsible for the phasing out of South Africa's illegal hegemony) that it had fashioned a timetable for "final negotiations" on independence. Although the wording of the group's communiqué was opaque to the point of being indecipherable, and officials warned that there are road-blocks ahead, the five were agreed that the deadlock was broken. Said Canada's External Affairs Minister Mark MacGowan, "This is a new start. One which offers a better basis for hope than previous starts."

The new agreement is said to consist of a complementary series of commitments to UN Security Council Resolution 435, adopted in 1978, which calls for the territory's early independence under UN supervised elections. South

Africa has accepted 435 in letter, but not in spirit. Its objectives were based on the assumption that there was little to prevent a take-over by guerrillas of the South West African People's Organization (SWAPO), who, so the theory went, would then provide Menon with a base for attack on South Africa itself. Nonetheless, South Africa has its own in-house superpower—the United States—which, according to one working level diplomat, views the mineral-rich Namibia as "an East-West, rather than North-South problem."

Officials say the most straightforward to the UN plan include a timetable for independence which could happen as early as 1983. Like the British solution in Zimbabwe, this would include a seven-month transition period, with peace-keeping forces on the ground and a withdrawal of South African troops, leading to elections, the drawing up of a constitution and, finally, independence. South Africa also wants guarantees that former bases in Angola will be monitored and that the estimated 20,000 Cuban soldiers there will be sequestered behind an arbitrary "red line."

Another of South Africa's objections is reportedly to the uniforms of the UN peacekeeping forces. Ever since the UN recognized SWAPO as the "sole and authentic" representative of the people of Namibia, South Africa has questioned its impartiality during an election process. To meet this objection, UN forces—drawn from Western Europe and North America—would wear their own national uniforms. It is a petty point perhaps, but in these touchy Namibian times it could be the straw that bends the white elephant's back.

—J.G.H.

\*Canada, Britain, France, the U.S., West Germany

U.S.A.

## Another slash of the scalpel

Reagan's new budget cuts evoke shrill criticism



Reagan: applying himself to a Skyline task with determination

By Michael Posner

The economy was waterlogged. Blacks condemned it. Educators and students denounced it. Mayors and governors decried it. And Wall Street positively abhorred it—the Dow Jones index piling another 11-point loss on an already precipitous decline. If these outcomes reflect the national mood, the Reagan administration's plan to prune another \$13 billion (U.S.) from the fiscal 1982 budget will encounter formidable opposition in Congress.

Unveiled last week in the president's 10th televised address to the nation, the new spending cuts are designed to bring down the 1982 deficit to about \$43 billion. Without them, Ronald Reagan said, he would not be able to meet his goal of halving the budget by 1984. In turn, by easing the federal debt—or at least demonstrating his resolve to do it—the president was hoping that internationalists would fall sharply, thus obviating the economic revival he has repeatedly promised his country. "I be-

lieve we're about a path that leads to an America at work, to fiscal sanity, to lower taxes and less inflation," Reagan said. "I believe our plan for recovery will work."

But it was not so much the principle of fresh budget cuts that evoked the shrill avalanche of criticism. It was the spending targets themselves. While the president proposed to trim \$5 billion from military outlays in 1982, the bulk of his new reductions will come from slashing or eliminating dozens of government programs, many of which were already curtailed in the first budget-bashing exercise last summer. For example, Reagan wants Congress to cut all non-defense items by 12 per cent beyond the levels originally recommended last March—an across-the-board reduction that would save \$5 billion next year alone.

But the March levels were unopposed in the first budget debate. Returning to them now and increasing a further 12 per cent would mean, in fact, an 13-per-cent reduction in spending on



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Control, the northeastern rail system, a similar-sized cut in the economic development assistance program, which funds public works projects in the country, and a 45-per-cent drop in Australia's contribution. The Reagan speech also proposed to dismantle two entire government departments (energy and education) and eliminate 75,000 nonmilitary jobs from the federal payroll. At the same time, Reagan wants to reduce loan guarantees by \$20 billion in 1983 and "infer" several entitlement programs, including food stamps, student loans and veterans' benefits.

These cuts, however, were not fully spelled out, and details are expected to provoke bitter debates in Congress. The administration has made much of the so-called special safety net that still protects the "truly needy." But as the ballooning debt forces more budget cuts, the truly needy seem likely to become an endangered species. That threat is evidenced by the last remnant of Lyndon Johnson's Great Society—and Reagan's refusal to cut military spending by more than token amounts will be hard to sell on Capitol Hill. It will be especially hard to peddle to moderate Republicans, whose commitments will be most severely affected by the program's cutbacks. Nor will conservative Democrats stomach as easily as before Reagan's hand-to-hand.

In short, the president is no longer dealing from strength. He has retreated from his original plan to not social security benefits. Contradicting his own tax bill, the new package contains plans to raise \$12 billion in tax revenues over the next three years, in ways not clearly delineated. The money markets' immediate view of Reagan's administration, plainly doubt that this recent round of cuts will suffice to balance the budget by 1984, even if Congress ratifies the whole proposition. The federal surplus will disappear, and the deficit will swell to \$100 billion in bonds, a contingency likely to increase competition for a shrinking pool of dollars and to re-new upward pressure on interest rates.

Hence, while the prime rate fell marginally last week and inflation continues to ease, the market's assessment of one president, Reagan in concluding patience and firmness, but there are few signs of confidence beyond the White House gates. With the 1982 congressional elections now on the horizon and interest rates still near record levels, the administration and the president will increasingly feel the wrath of the American voter. Like Reagan, the president is pushing up hill against powerful gravitational forces and it is not certain what his odds are for the economy will look like 2-3—and when—he finally reaches the summit. ☐



AWACS: facing defeat in Congress, Reagan may press for Saudi concessions

## Pitfalls on the political radar

**I**ast on the runway at Andrews Air Force Base, six antennas dish spinning above the fuselage like some colossal Pterodactyl. For three days last week, senators and congressmen made the long pilgrimage to this technological shrine and lusted after it as the U.S. military expense catalogue its marvels. Best known by its acronym—the K-13 AWACS (airborne warning and control system)—the plane contains some of the most sophisticated equipment in the Pentagon's arsenal. It has also become the focal point of an intense political and diplomatic struggle.

The Reagan administration's contention plan is to sell his AWACS, along with other state-of-the-art hardware, to upgrade 62 F-15 fighter jets already pledged to Saudi Arabia. Unleashed by a majority vote of both houses of Congress by Oct. 30, the \$2.5-billion sale will go through. But as contested as the program, the same package is almost certain to be rejected in the Democratic House of Representatives, the deal is already a lost cause. And even in the Republican-controlled Senate, some 62 legislators are frayed (or leaning) against the sale, while only 12 are ready in favor. To win now, analysts believe, the president must persuade the Saudis to retreat in writing to American control of the planes, either through direct command of the cockpit or of the intelligence their computers collect.

The alternative is as appealing if the Saudis refuse to relinquish control, Reagan may be forced to mount a per-

sonal campaign to win 56 votes in the Senate. Given his mastery of gentle persuasion, it is still possible—despite the current odds—that he could succeed. But the victory would be costly. Reagan would have to lay with political capital that is more critically needed to win passage of his new budget proposals.

The merits of the AWACS sale are still hotly debated in Washington and in the U.S. press. And for every valid argument in favor, an equally valid counterpoint seems to exist. But in a sense, the virtues or deficiencies of the deal—whether the AWACS can defend Saudi oilfields from Soviet attack, whether it will induce the Saudis to keep oil production high and price increases moderate, whether it poses a serious risk to Israeli security—are no longer relevant.

All that really matters is precisely how the White House can provide this, coupled with a convincing rationale to switch sides, avoiding a humiliating foreign policy defeat. The administration's preferred route is not to put the president's personal prestige on the line. Instead, it hopes to force a Senate concession on control in a round of meetings last week with senior White House and Senate officials. Prince Bandar bin Sultan, the son of the Saudi defense minister, was told pointedly that Riyadh would have to yield ground or risk its own oil. And the whole has been so far so good. But the Saudis, the prince was not moved and advised the White House that no formula for joint control of the aircraft, as proposed by Ohio Senator John Glenn, could be considered by Riyadh. As the Senate and the House prepared for hearings this week, the AWACS package appeared in greater jeopardy than ever. —J.P.

## BUSINESS

# Lurking in the Lougheed lair

Alberta waxes wealthy and its premier is pondering the national stage

By Roderick McQueen

**A** police cruiser guard Calgary's 8th Avenue Mall last week, its windows smashed by beer bottles and pieces of cement block thrown by some of the 400 beer-swilling kids at a south end block party. It was a noisy scene, but not a happy one, or perhaps that the frontiers of lawlessness have moved to the suburbs. By contrast, a 12-year-old celebrated her birthday a

few days earlier at the Calgary Inn. Among those invited was her boss, complete with bag and mail in the lobby. The guest list of the two affairs were presumably different. Alberta is now a place three days' ride with the new north and the same old poor. Execution is the best shopping holes, the Calgary Golf & Country Club, for eight years, four times longer than it took Alberta and Ottawa to strike the \$12-billion energy deal. Restaurant taxes may be restored for previously 20% hours, after which time the place might be torn down to make way for something else. A heritage building here, after all, is one where the first met of point has been to go.

While small-town Alberta—Brooks and Leduc and Drayton Valley—has been suffering through the exploration setback drought of the National Energy Program, Calgary remains a lush town. It was the 30th anniversary of the skyline and another 30 high-rise applications pending. The 341-block Greyhound bus depot site, purchased from the city for a modest \$400,000 10 years ago, will likely bring \$56 million when it is sold soon. And the whole has been so far so good. But the Saudis, the prince was not moved and advised the White House that no formula for joint control of the aircraft, as proposed by Ohio Senator John Glenn, could be considered by Riyadh. As the Senate and the House prepared for hearings this week, the AWACS package appeared in greater jeopardy than ever. —J.P.

For Tony leaders in the past 10 years were also former provincial premiers. But now mind, for here in Loughheed, chief teller of the 30-billion Heritage Fund, one-man rule of the strongest party in the richest province during through the crowd like a wild train, backing in the glow of the afternoon. He just told this Canadian Chamber of Commerce gathering that he's prepared to apply patches to the energy treaty that he and Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau so grandly belittled earlier in the month. There is nothing so far, for the big companies who have little stake in Alberta, or the mega projects, either in production and big customer side rail cut some of the same old white, albeit a better view energy rhetoric than usual. Says Imperial Oil President Jim Livingstone of the recent deal: "The large print growth and the small print (which was) 'Air Canada President Claude Taylor moved beyond the Bible but adopted an equally lofty tone, lifting a prime ministerial phrase: 'Who speaks for Canada? Who

should be great a country like a vice?" While the independents will get some concessions from Alberta, and the word is that Loughheed will go ahead, Imperial's \$12-billion Cold Lake project will likely be downgraded to something less than planned and be renamed Cold Shoulder. And still the drilling rigs on truck convoys taking Highway 8 south to the U.S. border. More than 300 have disappeared, almost 20 per cent of the total in Alberta where the size was announced, including one the very day

Loughheed spoke. But Loughheed will hang tough through the completion of Big Oil. As a result, he can afford to wait in a province where managing growth dominated the agenda during a three-day cabinet session in Banff last week, while the rest of the country pays him \$40 billion over five years and worries about the mortgage. It was a deal in which Loughheed was everything he demanded, as he reconfirmed his jurisdiction over the industry and established the right to enforce production cutbacks. And while he has yet to call those people around

the country he would top in any run for Clark's job, a line from Eric Noy's new play, *Mac*, that's now seeing Calgary come to mind: "Going into politics in the making here to a virgin—somebody's got to do it." In addition to portraying that barbed tongue and wonderful wit of "Mac" Wrenn, Canada's best-known newspaper editor, Noy's new play, *Mac*, also brilliantly captures the optimism that is the West: "There's big things waitin' to be done," goes Mac's closing line. "And that's a damner." How different from playwright Rand Alcorn's description of another place: "Toronto is like a pubescent young girl—it has everything but doesn't know what to do with it." Today's Calgary is like a young buck who figures he's run through what there is of life, just needing a few more yesterday to realize there are exciting tomorrow to go. For about 10 years, here-towns boy P. Loughheed will be looking to manage his own growth, too. And that's a damner.





"We have a crisis now in film. Everybody wants to do it fast and make money," laments almond-eyed French-Canadian actress **Carole Laure**, 31. Since her bright international reputation as a screen siren was dulled by the scolding reviews of *Pan's Labyrinth* last year at Cannes, Laure has completed a film in France and turned down three other movie offers. Instead, she is co-starring with composer/bestfriend **Louis Fung** in their own stage production, *The Two Most Beautiful Land*, which opened in Montreal last week. Its 27 songs and a multitude of monologues took Laure and Fung three months to rehearse—and the show is only set to run for three weeks. But while "international big-name director dude me," Laure is delighted with "8mm and blood" audiences. "It doesn't make any sense," says Fung, "but it pleases us."



Laure with Fung: back to the stage in Montreal as a career in film founders



Getzy gets her revenge in the last act

Toronto film-maker **Paul Lynch**, 25, is confident that when his latest horror film, *Phanagoria*, releases next summer it will make the careers of a couple of Canadian movie hopefuls. "I have a tiny part," says one of Lynch's bright-light stage actors **Ray Carver**, 38. "But I like the role because the woman I play gets revenge in the end. Though plot details are a dirty hold-over, Carver will say that her character gets even by unleashing her dogs on a nasty—a scene that actually befuddled "instead of coming to my rescue, the dogs—a Doberman and German shepherds—attacked each other right over me." Luckily, Carver emerged unscathed and is back "as the viewer" bawling up more movie work. Lynch, meanwhile, is planning a new sex thriller, *Cross Country*, and anticipat-

ing big box-office. His last film, *From Night*, grossed \$30 million in North America alone.

When Edmonton's Citadel Theatre opened its full season last week with *Brian Moore's Golden*, the drama went beyond the confines of the stage. In the lobby, surrounded by protective paparazzi, Edmonton *Journal* drama critic **Keith Ashwell** made his appearance despite a request by the Citadel's management that the *Journal* resign him. According to **Walter Gassman**, director of public relations at the theatre, Ashwell became an unwelcome guest when he wrote a column last month "accusing the Citadel of being expensive and intentionally driving other theatre groups out of the city." Although Ashwell acknowledges that the column was a factor in the rift, he feels that his personal on-airra stunts arose from a shaky relationship with the Citadel's executive producer, **Joe Shooter**. Says Ashwell: "Joe has both said and written that he is exercising great restraint in not punishing me in the face." The next act is eagerly awaited.

"Being misunderstood, being scorned down, underappreciated as he is, but it comes with the territory," says 33-year-old Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright **Edward Albee** regarding his own reputation. He has risen and plummeted since his 1968 play *The Zoo Story*. Albee's critically reviled adaptation of *William Shakespeare's* *Twelfth Night* as *Twelfth Night* was "the worst three months of my life," he says. "Fortunately more people realized it was not the play that failed, but the production." Since then he has completed a

play about homosexuality, *Another Part of the Show*, and now he wants to write one about incest. "I plan to touch on all bases except incest," he laughs. Shrugging off critical intonations of a decline in the quality of his work, Albee adds: "You wait five years ago I was overrated. Today I'm underpraised. It will be 50 years before someone will figure out where I belong."

A Canadian bird in an Arab's hand will soon be worth considerably more than two in the Central Arctic to the Kitchikani Inuit Association of Cambridge Bay, N.W.T. The bird is the gyrfalcon, similar to hawks long used by enthusiasts of the sport of falconry in the Middle East and recently removed from the endangered species list. "What the Arabs are is anybody's guess." "The cheiks are very nervous about publicity," says **Roger Rawley**, executive director of the association. Rawley will only say that the deal came out of a social gathering in Ottawa when a contact tipped off Kitchikani's president, **Roby Kellum**, to the Arab's love for falconry. The *Terraviva* wildlife service gave its permission last week for the fauns to begin trapping 36 of the birds, which will be sold to four Middle Eastern countries in order to raise money for community projects. Though he will not say who they are, Rawley will name the price they are willing to pay: at least \$200,000 per bird.

A 49, Elizabeth Taylor's scalding scolded Broadway her first time out. Now she's adding another one, if humble, diversion to her acting career—a guest role on the top-rated ABC TV afternoon soap, *General Hospital*.



Officials survey accident site, PD blames driver

All that glitters is \$86,000 worth of profit, diamonds, rubies and emeralds in **Rajni Togi's** miniature castle *Splendor of the East*. The 40-year-old Toronto jeweller has been at work on "a dream" since 1971 when his mother died and left him nearly three kilograms of gold coins, ignoring their increasing value. Togi refused to cash in the coins. Instead he used them to build the fairy-tale castle in his "spare time"—nearly 8,000 hours of it so far. With pearls rising high atop golden towers, diamond-encrusted archways, a secret dungeon and drawbridge mechanism, the castle may attract several rich prospective buyers when it is finished next year. But Togi has not yet put a price on it, and making a profit was never his intention. Says Togi with a sigh: "It's my hobby."

When asked by screen siren **Jean Harlow** about the pronunciation of her first name, **Margot Asquith** (wife of the British prime minister **Herbert Asquith**) replied, "It's in silent—as in Harlow." Such devastating retorts are increasingly rare, according to 67-year-old **Elizabeth**, Ont., "insolent" **Margot Asquith**. She should know. Her 1978 book of *Harlow* was such a success that her second compilation was published this month. "I may have a nasty bent of mind, but it's really just the verbiage that attracts me to these pieces," admits Asquith. While collecting barbed witticisms has been a hobby for years, Asquith credits her career as a political analyst with fueling the desire to make them available to everyone. "I get tired of listening to politicians sitting around attacking each other—in a second-rate way."



Hobbyist Togi: an 8,000-hour project

For anyone who has to scribble to meet car payments, the latest safety stunt sponsored by the ministry of transport may seem like a trivial waste of money. Last week in Ottawa, a bedraggled group of officials—including federal transport minister **James Maclean** and Canadian Transport Commission President **Edgar J. Farnham**—huddled in a heavy rain to watch the lock-off event of a five-year campaign called *Operation Lifesaver*. What they saw was a last-model Ford LTD being crushed at a highway crossing by a 115-tonne locomotive. When the red odds for drivers had been suitably illustrated, Pepin spoke about the 83 deaths in similar accidents last year and of his own near-death in 1975 years ago when a railway car had been in moments before was struck by a truck. All in all, ample justification for the \$450,000 campaign.



Getzy: Carver failed too

Prominent Toronto criminal lawyer **Eddie Greenman**, has discovered a way of escaping his *Eddie Radio* addition to play himself in next year's 38-part docu-drama, *Scenes of Justice*. "Scenes of Justice" is a better chance than this "Eddie" himself," he says. Greenman, 37, thought everything ran smoothly as he read his own crucifixion from a 1970 murder trial. "I thought it was good enough for the jury," he says of the numerous dramatizations which resulted in an anguished "for him." "But obviously I wasn't good enough for the cine—what he called in *At Women* to play me." Settling for the host's spot on the show, Greenman says: "I wasn't hurt, but if [Worms] finds it funny... if it's not hard for him to see me as an entire nation. Let him try to see over a jury."

—EDITED BY BARBARA MATTHEWS

# This is the way Canadians ride

By Gordon Legge

Shelagh Macpherson has shown her grandparents at their Jéher's Hill Stables near King City, Ont., her grandfather, Major-General C. C. "Curry" Mann rode with the Canadian equestrian team in the 1940s. Riding since she was 4, over the years her grandfather tutored Macpherson and steered her through several cracked vethebras and a broken pelvis. Last weekend the spunky, serious 21-year-

teen coach, and Jim Elder, Canada's most successful and well-known rider internationally, captured the gold at the 1988 European Olympics in Mexico City over the toughest course ever designed for the games. And last year another Canadian team picked up the gold at the alternate Olympics in Rotterdam.

The most difficult of equestrian sports, show jumping requires only to succeed in popularity in Europe. Most international riders travel with at least two horses. Canadians are lucky if they travel with one. "There are lots of good

der and torn ligaments suffered in a fall three weeks earlier in Toronto. Jim Miller's horse was injured. Mark Johnston, an Olympic silver medalist in 1976, doesn't have a horse to ride. Hanco, two newcomers, Macpherson and Nancy Southern, 35, of Calgary, got their first chance to put on the team's riding jacket. They joined Mark Lusk, 34, of Edmonton, the three-time winner of the Canadian Equestrian of the Year award, and Alan Beard, 38, of Calgary. (By contrast, the British coach has 36 riders and at least double the number of horses to choose from when putting together a four-man team.) "We do come up with almost periodic wars," says Canadian Equestrian Federation Executive Director Bill Little.

But if there's an example anywhere in the equestrian world of what can be done to help a sport, it is at Spruce Meadows, located in the green and golden rolling foothills just south of the Calgary city limits. Spruce Meadows now ranks with the best of the show jumping complexes in the world. Born in 1975, it's a very personal gift from the Southern family to the people of Calgary. Ron Southern, 51, whose race from "modest means" to farm Alton, a worldwide manufacturing company with sales of \$1.2 billion, is now part of the western corporate folklore. Joined by his wife, Mary, 50, he built the European-style facility, encompassing stables, three houses, practice rings, a grandstand and a VIP lounge.

The Southern's have gone a long way toward developing the sport in Western Canada where, until recently, it was necessary for riders to go east to gain experience. As well, the Southern's are developing a new line of competitive horse, a cross between a thoroughbred and a German Hanoverian, hoping to eventually give Canadian riders something more than just roadblock events. If it isn't already, Spruce Meadows will do much to strengthen further Canada's position internationally. Some of that will spill back into Spruce Meadows. For instance, Lusk has a good chance of taking the individual gold at the World Cup championships in Dublin next spring. If he does, Canada will be entitled to host the next competition in 1986, and undoubtedly it would be held at Spruce Meadows. "I would get such a kick out of that," says Lusk. "That alone would give me the motivational factor to win the championships." ☐



Lusk aboard Shamrock, this week

old blonde followed his lead, climbing into her horse, Southern Brewing, to compete for the first time as a member of the Canadian team in international competition. Subduing her obvious nervousness, Macpherson completed an almost flawless tour of the tough Nations Cup course at Spruce Meadows near Calgary, underlining her reputation as one of the best young riders in Canada. But despite her performance the Canadian team stumbled in the early riding and finished fifth in a six-nation field. Before a hushed crowd Saturday afternoon the Netherlands rode through a perfect saddle-leash jump-off with three "vase" rides, defeating a gallant French squad.

In the past, Canadians have enjoyed remarkable success in international show jumping despite their tiny ranks. A Canadian team, which included Tom Gayford, now the Canadian Equestrian

young riders in Canada," says Gayford. "But we're short of Grand Prix horses." And since horse and rider are a matched pair, what happens to one affects the other. Hence Canada's team often resembles a pickup squad. "There's no way we can get our act together, as long as they keep falling out," says Gayford.

Witness what happened at Spruce Meadows last week, in the first international competition on the fall circuit for the Canadian team. Veteran Canadian rider John Simpson, one of the original veterans, retired from the team a few months ago. Barbie Kerr, Simpson's sister and a team member from 1963 to 1974, dropped off the team a week before the show when her horse pulled him in kicking a stall window. Rider was forced out as a separated show-

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florist early.



# Fiction's brightest season

The fall book season celebrates Canadian literature's triumphant coming of age

By Barbara Aniel

**T**he autobiographical season for Margaret Atwood's first novel took place in the night-and-wind-battered ambience of the men's suite department at The Bay in Edmonton. The year was 1989. "I sat next to a nice historian and we talked to figure out

whether the books were there to help our sales or we were supposed to help the books," the rememberer Atwood confessed. Atwood managed to sell two copies on that occasion. Last week, a publicity-savvy Atwood sat poised and smiling as the crowds lined up three deep around the block at Toronto's Longshore Book Shop to get an autographed copy of her 1988 novel, *Reddy Harrow*. "Things have changed," she says with laconic understatement.

Indeed, And nothing proves the change more than this fall's book season. The English-Canadian fiction lists are alive with the sound of potential best sellers that have bookstore owners facing uncertain economic times with almost-constant cheer. "From our point of view it's just a fabulous season—interesting," says Bruce Sturges, president of Toronto's Book Club shops. "Authors Canadians like to buy—and actually read." Never has a fall season had quite as many stellar Canadian names in fiction. W.O. Mitchell offers his first novel in 31 years, *How I Spent My Summer Holidays*, an evocative tale of childhood on the prairies, laced with the ambiguities of dreams and loquacious artistry which lead to a tragic murder. Governor-General's Award-winner Timothy Findley (*The Wars*) adds *Power and Words*, an ambitious epic novel delving into the psychological and political ambiguities of Ezra Pound and his milieu. Robertson Davies sets his extraordinary novel, *The Rebel Angels*,

in the groves of academia, demonstrating once again his ability to combine elegant prose with the eternal human preoccupations of sex, politics and violence. With *The Barefoot Family Theatre*, B.C. author Jack Hodgins continues his tradition of creating improbable and irredeemable characters featuring wildly inventive grotesques—the



Findley at his home: cinder and ashes

seven Reddy Harrow sisters and the men who seduced them. And Margaret Atwood's new offering involves a Canadian journalist looking for tranquility on a Caribbean holiday, who finds herself embroiled in emotional and political camp drama.

While these are the brightest lights of the season, other familiar names add lustre to the list. Talented Constantine Berouf-Howe completes her trilogy with the new novel *The Marriage Bed*. Leacock Award-winner Sandra Goudie—in real life one of one of Canada's top researchers—has produced a fictional tale of a beautiful, ambitious Ottawa wife pushing hubby to the top of the civil service bureaucracy. Highly tested up-and-comer on the list is *novel* journalist Gary Ross with his Las Vegas-set novel *Always Say Die to the Devil*; B.C.-based novelist Keith Maillard with *The Knife In My Hand*, a sensitive story

of a young boy growing up under confinement in the last days of the anglophone world of 1950s high school boys, and George Jones' coauthor (with himself) of *By Process of Elimination*, whose novel *Final Drive* tells the story of a simple man whose newly liberated wife falls into the hands of treacherous divorcee and lawyer Reginald McClelland. McClelland (*It's a Season to Be Cheated*)

Regularly absent in the indispensable encyclopaedias and bookshelves provide that in English Canada today there is still a shortage of fiction writers, not a shortage of good fiction writing. Other "cultural industries"—as the latest government buzz phrase has it—such as the Canadian film industry, may still require subsidy and incubation merely to breathe. Accomplishments in the fields of music, sculpture and art may still be only disparate, occasional success stories. But the English-Canadian fiction writing community in at least a well-working one of authors turning out books that by any international standard are very good. The 1989 fall book season is both an affirmation and celebration of this quiet triumph.

It is not just quality that redounds the coming-of-age of Canadian fiction. Canadian novels are grabbing a significant share of the market. They are no longer the under-and-underdog. Numbers of the top American and British books. "I used to buy Canadian books because it seemed like the right thing to do," says Toronto-based bookseller Susan Peters. "Now I can't wait to see advance order for the Atwood novel and I get it the day it comes into the store." Numbers signal the change. Twenty years ago an entire publishing season of Canadian books comprised roughly 30 works. Last year, the number of published Canadian books reached 3,700 with 160 fiction ti-

ties. Print runs have increased dramatically. "In the 1960s, a fiction print run was probably a 2,500 copies, tops," says McClelland. This year his company has an initial print run of 30,000 copies of Atwood's book, while Macmillan of Canada has orders for 15,000 copies of W.O. Mitchell's new novel and 12,000 copies of Davies'.

Constantine Berouf-Howe calls the aggressive new marketing by Canadian publishers "a stunning turnaround." Explains Berouf-Howe: "Back in 1966,

when I wrote *The Unsettling Moment*, simply stating an American publisher had accepted your book and a Canadian publisher would then find it worthwhile to distribute some copies inside Canada. But you had to get published in the United States first. The big McClelland & Stewart publicity campaign for their distribution of my book in 1984 included a large picture of me with the caption 'Canada's Own'—rather like a brand of wheat."

At the same time that Canadian publishers were discovering a growing pool of talented writers, funding for the arts was increasing dramatically. The 1985 Murray conference on the state of culture in Canada finally gave birth to the Canada Council in 1987, and the money began to flow to writers, publishers and professional associations. In 1971-82 total funding from the Canada Council for Canadian literature came to \$418,000. By 1979-80, the figure was more than \$1 million. With constant funding came a flowering of professional associations (the Writers' Union of Canada in 1952, the Canadian Periodical Publishers' Association in 1978) and the Canadian Book Information Centre in 1970) devoted to strengthening both the market for books and the cultural ambience into which they were launched. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, under such producers as Robert Weaver and Andrew Allan, began dramatizing short stories and novels. Groups such as the Writers' Union initiated effective campaigns to get Canadian books in high schools and financed cross-country tours of writers. As book critics and editors on Saturday Night magazine Robert Fulford summed it up: "There has been a long-term concentrated campaign in this country to create a literary commu-

nity. And it has worked."

Success has meant not just more books, more funding and more writers working their way through the literary wine-and-cheese circuit. It has also brought about a palpable change in attitude to the writers themselves. "To be a writer," says Robertson Davies, carefully enunciating each syllable in the book-lined rooms of his apartment in Toronto's Massey College, "was considered strange and a little as though you were devoting too much time to a hob-



Maillard enjoying his violin beginnings

by," in the '60s the attitude changed, at first giving way to a kind of tolerant glances with no party complaint without a leather-jacketed Leonard Cohen lurking at pleasures and exotic experiences inaccessible to ordinary folk. Later a broader awareness of writers and their works developed.

"Frankly I find it astonishing," says author Jack Hodgins (*The Invention of the World, The Resurrection of Joyce*). "People come up to you to parties and they're actually reading your books. I came along at exactly the right time in the '70s to benefit from this new awareness of Canadian literature." Now the minority-writer crowd: has

emerged with such authors as Marley Collingwood and W.O. Mitchell on CBC's *Front Page Challenge* and *Morningstar*, or a frayed-haired Margaret Atwood speaking in a hushed old-boy-in-the-Evening Club. Writers have become personalities even though not all of them are as flamboyant as Parley Meow, who flashes his left-and-right for the newspapers, cameras and TV lenses.

The attention has translated itself into money. In 1977, 1984 and New York's Random House established Best Books, which offers a prize of \$50,000 for a first novel. Advances against royalties began to improve. Author Keith Maillard, for instance, who managed to net \$250 for his first novel, *Two Sacred Rivers*, in 1976, got \$3,500 for this year's novel. And as Canadian fiction took off into the mainstream, the sale of new and paperback titles, the real money began to flow. "I'd say Timothy Findley will see about \$500,000 all told for *The Wars*," says Findley's agent, Nancy Colbert.

Even first novels, the traditional lopers of the book business, began to make their mark. Gary Ross' psychological thriller starts off this fall with a print run of 5,000 (usually the water-mark sales figure for a better best seller) and cash advances of \$15,500 for Canadian rights alone. George Bunt's *Final Drive* has already earned close to \$20,000 for Canadian rights including \$25,000 from Seal, among the largest paperback advances paid out so far for first novel Canadian rights. Publisher Anna Porter of Seal Books, which shifted out the money, makes no bones about her expectations of high sales for the Ross novel. "I read a lot of books," says Porter. "And I was really surprised to learn that I read this book on one sitting and I found myself crying. This is the debut of a major novelist."

The publishing industry itself has grown right alongside the payments to writers. The blossoming of Canadian authors publishing industry in the '80s allowed dreams of authors to see their books in print and began the laborious business of learning how to improve their craft as that readers would respond. "The number of small publishers went from 100 in the '60s to 200 in the '80s," founder with David Godfrey of the House of Anansi Press. "It wasn't situ-

either a bad thing, and many of the writers, who began with the small presses dedicated to the major houses leaving small publishers the important work of publishing experimental novels and new authors."

At the same time, an industry sprang up devoted to analyzing, evaluating and reviewing Canadian literature. Magazines such as *Books in Canada* developed glossy formats for author profiles and literary panels that intrigued general readers as well as the literary public. Quill, Quercus, started in 1937, has seen its circulation grow to around 8,000; it was a month. Important Canadian authors such as George Woodcock's *Canadian Literature* became the gospel for academics on developments in the world of Canadian writing. All this attention—fueled by a Canadian nationalism that was public with the 1967 centenary celebrations—would have been in vain had the books themselves been of poor quality and of little interest to readers. But the self-indulgent literary experiments of the '60s that produced aesthetic trends and irresponsible press gave way to the mature works of such authors as Alice Munro and Richard Wright by the '80s that brought him to Canada. Books are here to stay.

The success story is not without a darker side. Although writing may have achieved a certain status, an author still doesn't have the income to match the clout of a dentist, or indeed of a plumber. Income surveys paint a bleak picture. The average income for a Canadian writer is estimated at \$17,000, even less for fiction than non-fiction, although that figure bundles together both the occasional writer and the successful TV and motion picture star. Canadian novelist Margaret Atwood (right) says her *Good Hope* is a "good first year." "I've got recognition, but I can't live on recognition with two kids to raise and an income that can be as low as \$20,000 a year." Even novelist like W.O. Mitchell admit, "I wouldn't live on my writing income

alone and all my books are in print. Back in 1948, Allan Little drove through up a \$1,000 advance against royalties for *Who Was the Wind*, and this year Macmillan gave me \$10,000 for *Canadian rights only* of *I Spent My Summer Holidays*. But I live on my free-lance stage productions, television and \$3,000 for a speech. I never thought to ask that much, though it would discourage them, but they still handed around 1 before



Mitchell (right) on air with CBC's Don Murray, supporting income



Don Murray on the shelf with maple sugar

Perce Beron gets \$4,000."

Some authors, like Timothy Findley who now lives in eclectic splendor in his Ontario farmhouse together with 17 cats, two dogs and William Whitbread, his companion of 20 years, never forget the difficult early days. With an annual income of close to six figures, Findley has offered a warning post, for people,

large ventriloquist's dolls, suggest clutter and the only advice was the assumption that you had to live on the proceeds of the income—society and relax on his agent to sort out affairs of work. "I'd say 'yes' to everything gratefully," he explains. "We went so long with so little guarantee of employment that it's like being dependent on a benefactor. I can't get away from the feeling that I'm standing in the rain with a necktie and doghouse next a door." In

Findley's case, the response out of that depression led through the terrifying world of alcoholism and the trip, with a radio trucked in New York in 1970, where "I wrote up in a succession of dreadful hotel rooms not knowing where I was or when I'd been with, missing only my sanity and will." The only out came through discipline, sweat and a little financial stability.

For union activists like the Marxist Engel (past chairman of the Writers' Union of Canada), the only way out of what the world and the financial despair of writers is a group of solitaries that would include payment to authors for literary agents of their books as well as important government patronage. "Unless government policy changes," she says, "I don't think Canadian fiction will survive." But not all writers agree. Like Engel, more and more writers are making the attempt to live entirely off writing or writing-related activities, and maintaining one of the best sources of income in the contest—writer-in-residence appointments worth at least \$35,000 a year in three-year appointments. For Engel, "It's been those years since I had to do

peculiar jobs. Like typing letters or working at a store," says writer Keith Maillard. "But I see no living aside down to eat my income—except having a \$10,000 a year. I see thousands of money that came in from writing alone. Maillard occasional splurges: the last one of Ullrich (Irish) suggests that cost \$4,000.

"You see, my agent," says author Jack Hodgson, who grew up in teaching cer-

tain three years ago. "There are workshops, readings, conventions, the Canada Council and the old CBC. In a recent year I can reach my \$30,000 teaching salary and as an off year my wife and I make do." Says Robert Fulford, "Canadian writers are the envy of their U.S. counterparts. Of course that's almost not terrible compared to certain professions. But they have a fabulous home market for sales and extraordinary interest in their work."

If anything makes Canadian writers more than their difficulty in making the good life, it is the isolation of their works in the "Canadian" section of bookstores. There, separate from the literature of the United States and England, pulled from the shelves nearest to "Bibles," "Bibles," "Gardens" or "Science," are the volumes of books written and published by Canadians, all jammed together by virtue of their national identity. "There you are," says Robertson Davies, "your novel next to a book of 20 interesting things to do with maple sugar and a collection of cartoons from *Maclean's* newspapers. I don't know another country in the world, including Australia, that would dream of putting its own writers in a little section three years ago."



The launching of *Dark House*, (from left) McClelland, Porter, Rose and Fulford

time away from their international peers."

Though the Canadian ghetto is generally associated with the concentration of larger chain stores like *Color* or *Classics*, some of the smaller bookstores maintain Canadian authors as well. In Ottawa, Shirley Leishman Books, which opened in 1981 with a mandate to specialize in Canadian books, has grown most of them—poetry, history and science—into the regular shelves, but left Canadian fiction in a special spot by itself. "I found that when Canadian fiction was on the shelves with international fiction," explains store owner Bill Roberts, "sales were low. There is no such media promotion of Cana-

dian books now and seek a large of national awareness, particularly at Christmas sales, that it helps Canadian authors to be easily identified."

International recognition rattles the last standing book for Canadian writers, but it is in growing to be neither interminable nor so desolately important after all. Though few Canadian fiction books have made it to the national heights of selections of the *American Book of the Month Club* (James Houston's *White Dawn* and Mordecai Richler's *Joshua Then and Now* are two that have), Margaret Atwood's last novel, *Life Before Man*, received a front page review in the *New York Times* Book Review. Says Atwood, assistant editor Le Ann Scheraga, "Most people in the U.S. read Margaret Atwood as the content of women writers rather than as a Canadian author. They would mention Margaret Drabble and Atwood in the same breath. There's a reassurance of Canadian writers—Richler, Brian Moore and so on—and American readers are responding to them not because they are Canadian but because they are good."

Other Canadian writers such as Findley and Mitchell have already been

and in high gear. "I remember the days when promotion was a grateful business of going to a luncheon to which the better critics had been invited," notes Constantine Gervais-Hew. "Now you sit down with your face painted orange and confront those dreadful creations on television shows." Drabble, they may be. But television makes, long nights, profiles in the lifestyle series of the newspapers—who would have heard it 20 years ago? "There we all pretended to be something else, anything else, except writers," says Atwood. "Now buying bread in the supermarket is an exercise for autobiography." Canadian fiction has come a long way from the books department. And in only the beginning of that finally coming-to-life dream of an indigenous culture, all Canadians in general and all the world's to enjoy.

With Alex from Justin Corbin and Nicholas Atwood.

## Redeemed by the laying on of hands

DOBBY HARM  
by Margaret Atwood  
(McClelland & Stewart, \$16.95)

**B**odily harm, like many Atwood fictions, begins with an accident, a damage. Hence, the *Toronto Life*-style journalist, has just been left by Ade, a jet-propelled packager of living rooms and lives, including Renee's. Gone also is a reluctant father from her home, an operation that left her suspicious of Ade's advances and filled with wholly dread. Off the Rue St. Antoine, a remote Caribbean island, on a ritual quest for healing and purification from the disease erupting not only herself but her society, her world, the world.

Renée at 30-odd is a latter-day everywoman. In her earlier nine she left her Southern Ontario Baptist moorings and sailed into radical chic, now she's reduced to disconcerting tremors. But enough is it. Renee returns a "classy beauty," and cancer jabs her into a longer, truer suffering. On St. Antoine she struggles to maintain an essentially thence stance but is slowly racked down into the ugly notion of banana-peel realization and the realization that at some point she will be in jail in shared by all, that "body is exempt."

The style of this spiritual odyssey reads like Raymond Chandler meeting Sylvia Plath, the moments complaint that Atwood leaves her most visceral images for her prose finds no legitimate grounds here. Images of total abiding

fish, rats and more decay provide the novel, but hands hold the key. Renée's senile grandmother cries that she has lost her hands, Renée is a demented searcher for hers in a lingerie drawer, faded hands pulp her companion Lure's face during their incarceration. All are severed from their humanity, incapable of touch. But they are redeemed and made whole in the end, briefly, when Renée severs the repressive rope binding her and by kneeling beside her cellmate and clasping Lure's sunlit hand in her own.

Men come off a miserable second-best in the book, and the case against them is hard to rebut. The mutually destructive strategies of sex wars are one thing; between cause bodily harm, they shove rats into vaginas and massacre women and children in the name of ideology.



Alongside the fault lies in the mountains

Whitman, negatively, in words before pressmen. Revere replies: "It's simple, it's rational, she's afraid of men because men are fracturing." Condemners of racism, liberalism and sexual equality have achieved nothing for men, danger and competition are all Remue's childhood. So, Goddes' mother disgraced in a Quaker Street wastage owner, figures that if a man wants a "long-term, meaningful relationship," he can only manage is control. Remue's sex lovers are thin and caricatured, yet strongly plausible because in this context overview men are unreal, prone to biological determinism. The fact, Atwood implies, lies not in male/female motion but in the motion.

Despite its moral force, its detailed evocation of misguided, poverty-stricken St. Antoine and the complacent, imperialist rule of "the sweet Canadians" in perpetuating the inhabitants' bondage, *Reddy Mars* only partially reaches its

potential. Atwood's talent as a satirist, novelist and poet are prodigious, but here she is self-indulgent, dithering the text with clever non-sequiturs and overwrought explanations of what she's doing. The narrative voice shifts unnecessarily between first and third person, and Atwood herself struts inelegantly at times, over-hampering the fragile Bernice with steamer-trunks of social comment. Still, the drama is passionate and mesmerizing. Miraculously Bernice survives, engaging in her luck, and returns home to start again, hailed, as Atwood writes in *True Stories*, by "A gesture of the hands, clear as water. The letter A."

— MARK CHAMBERSO

## Unveiling the fantasy machine

THE HARBLY FAMILY THEATRE  
by Jack Hodgson  
(Macmillan of Canada, \$75.95)

**I**t is generally easier if a writer's main character is only confused and not actually insane. In this case, the mad doctor is the chief of Jack Hodgson, and there is too strong a link between them: How did we figure this out? Well, in the epigraph the irascible patriarch J.G. Barclay ponders "I guess a man who's seen seven daughters out into the world has launched just about every kind of invasion you can imagine." Then, one of the stories is called *Invasions*. 73. And, there on the last page, is the moral as one of the secret Barclay stories reassures her nephew, it would be wiser to "Another invasion of the world, I think, would be a good thing. It would be like having an invasion of the kind of another, or it had no more."

So, each of these stories is about some kind of invasion. Hodgson's policy polices Vancouver Islanders either suffer outsiders on their turf or venture out in thought or deed to street and fret upon a larger stage—Ottawa, Toronto, Ireland, Japan. How successful these invasions are—whether the reader becomes conquered territory—is another question. Invasion has always been a drug for Jack Hodgson. He likes to fantasize whenever things get personal and he's a big supporter, it seems, of the literary madman as he is his Governor-General's Award-winning *The Remembrance of Joseph Bourne*. In this collection, without poems for the loaves and

side trips of a novel, the drug wears thin and the clanking gears of the Hodgins fantasy machine are unveiled. Rather than transcendent, the characters are cute or eccentric. The adolescent Barclay Desmond in *The Concert Shape* of

Shreve has a quaint ambition to be a *Pica*. Comic parallels and exaggerations abound to comic effect. Not one but five dogs harass young Barclay on the way to his piano lesson, and when he gets there he finds a real jungle—"a thousand tropical plants and dozens of cages full of squawking birds." Even the Barclay sisters, whose presence hints the stardom, come in sevens. In this book Hodgins wraps his characters in metaphor in bands of Escherichian yarn. One cannot possibly miss the connections.

[illegible]

—A SPOKE COLLEGE

## MACLEAN'S TRUST-SEALER LIST

## Notice

- 1 Noble House, Chevy Chase (1)
- 2 God Emperor of Dune, Norbert (6)
- 3 The Third Deadly Sin, Sanders (2)
- 4 Cuts, King (6)
- 5 Gorky Park, Smith (3)
- 6 The Clutter Bunch, Wombach (2)
- 7 The Crescent, Mitchell (7)
- 8 Goodbye, Joe, Robbins (7)
- 9 Lucano's Luck, Higgins (8)
- 10 The Crown of God, West (25)

### Mass Fly

- 1 The Lord God Made Them A.E. Herring (1)
- 2 The Beverly Hills Diet. Hazel (1)
- 3 Places Across the Border. Vernon (1)
- 4 Deborah's Book of the Royal Wedding. Pickers (1)
- 5 The Eagle's Gift. Chastened (1)
- 6 Customs. Supers (1)
- 7 The Hilt Report on Male Sexuality. Price (1)
- 8 Terry Fox: His Story. Schwartz (1)
- 9 Invitation to a Royal Wedding. Smith
- 10 The Cinderella Complex. Dworkin

(1) Positive last week

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## The ladies' tinderbox

Last Nov. 18, the dove grey walls of Canada's most prestigious women's club, Twenty-One McGill Street, burned to the ground in an unprovoked act of arson, leaving 2,500 dues-paying members wondering when their payouts would rise. Sixteen months later, the ashes at the gutted site in downtown Toronto remain unmoved, and many members are miffed that eight years of pampering have ended.

The malaise began to spread last March when the club's management referred its displaced members to alternate services scattered throughout the city. These proved inconvenient for many, and a small group of the disgruntled withheld their \$600-a-year dues. Louise Lora, spokesman for the "very ad hoc" members committee, presented club owner Leslie Beveridge with a list of 150 members who wanted to know where their club was and whether they would be compensated for four months



Twenty-One McGill club: a bygone era?

of unpaid interventions. "Twenty-One McGill was designed for professional women," explains Lora, 40, who is the executive producer for religious programming for CBC-TV. "No smart professional gets ripped off for \$600." If people want their money back, fine. Let's hear from them and we'll close the club," came Beveridge's professional reply, which sent the ladies into shock. There would be no compensation but, in a conciliatory vein, Beveridge agreed to postpone further dues payment until the club reopened. "We could probably sue," says Lora, "but we didn't want to kill the goose that laid the golden egg."

Having missed the original June deadline, Beveridge now says that her

"golden egg" will reopen at the end of December at a cost of 30 million. Reconstruction begins shortly, after nine months of wrangling for building permits. "I'll be in luck for the next five years," says Beveridge, a former secretary turned stockbroker. Before the fire, her club grossed a reported \$3.7 million annually.

The women of the ad hoc McGill committee are, however, at a disadvantage because the club is a business, they, as customers, are at the mercy of the shopkeeper. Before the fire, membership cost \$1,000. Beverage now claims she has a waiting list of new members who are willing to fork over \$1,500 and, after the opening, the price of putting a well-shod foot in the door will jump another \$500. "Let's face it, she's got us by the balls," admits Lora. "We all want the club back and we can afford it."

In the meantime, McGill refugees can be found bonding and stretching at any number of private studios. Lawyer Sandra Burstein and many others have exercised their body-tensing to the good old tunes but it just can't match the dove grey solitude of "the club." Signs Burstein: "At Twenty-One McGill everyone in exercise class wears matching towels. But at the Y, they wear mismatched sweat tops and shorts. That was the first thing I noticed." Pity.

—MARSHA BOULTON

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## Gasohol's new booster

"Gasohol" has yet to become a household word, but researchers in the field of alternative energy sources have long held high hopes for it. A mixture of alcohol and conventional gasoline, the potion can be pumped straight into the tank of any existing gas-powered vehicle. What's more, its alcohol component is a wholly renewable resource, made easily from farm crops such as corn and sugarcane. Despite the abundance of grain waving in Canadian fields, however, low yields and high production costs have undermined gasohol's potential as an economically viable fuel in this country. Now a new Canadian discovery promises to change all that. It has emerged from the test tubes of the National Research Council in Ottawa, where, after a four-year effort Heary Schneider has found a way to boost the supply.

Currently, the best way of making ethyl alcohol is by fermenting a high carbohydrate feedstock with brewers' yeast. But because the finicky yeast can only convert sugars, up to 35 per cent of the feedstock's potential is wasted. Schneider, however, has isolated *Pachydermus torulosus*, an undifferentiating yeast that will consume five-carbon sugars such as xylitol with the same avidity with which it attacks glucose and sucrose. Substituting *P. torulosus* for brewers' yeast in the conversion process could result in a 30-per cent improvement of ethyl alcohol yields. That should "double production, just like that," claims the discoverer.

Increased production is not the only likely benefit. From the beginning, says Schneider, the intention was to lower conversion costs. Instead of using expensive farm products, *P. torulosus* can produce impressive yields from such formerly useless wastes as wheat straw and wood chips.

Schneider is currently searching for some "appropriate markets" that will make his organisms as effective in factories as it is in laboratory beakers. Says he: "We know the organism can do it." That effort would take years. But if it's successful, says Art Mayer of Calgary's Mobowik Oil, the only Canadian firm actively investigating alcohol as a gasoline extender, "It will be a very important discovery, worth hundreds of millions of dollars—efforts even."

—JOHN BARBER

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The Pulp and Paper Industry of Canada

### TELEVISION

## Autumn of a patriarch

*K.C. Irving and family come out of the shadows in a thorough new documentary*

I LIKE TO SEE WHEELS TURN  
CBC, Oct. 4

Surrounded by members of his family, the 80-year-old patriarch looks relaxed in a white shirt and a straw fedora, standing in a field of young evergreen trees. As they talk, the music in the background rises slowly to weave piano and clarinet into two Pres-beyrian themes, whose unspoken words tell of "Jerusalem, the golden" while "earth's good empire pass away." Kenneth Colin Irving, standing in the night of his own earthly empire—a private family business based in New Brunswick now estimated to be worth as much as \$7 billion—writes to his family and walks away from the camera. "Well," he grins, almost childlike, "I'm all through for the day." But a man who has avoided publicity and refused interviews all his life, it is a lovely and touching moment which seems to capture the entire vision of the world he has built around himself. The life of hard work, simplicity and devotion is now spread out before him as the end of the day draws near.

Part of the fascination of the National Film Board-CBC documentary

Irving: simplicity and hard work



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*Little to See* Wheels Turn (as is simply seeing the K.C. Irving family. The narrative, written by Barry Cowling and spoken by Earl Pennington in a voice more suited to a film for substantial promotion, is generally monotonous and the largely incoherent musical score would be more suitable as background to a suburban coffee klatch. The splicing of self-conscious run-on-the-street interviews with interminable shots of Irving trucks, foodstuffs, refineries and assorted operations gives the film a disjointed pace. But none of these weaknesses wholly detract from director-producer Glen Walker's over-all accomplishment of presenting the first thorough glimpse into the remarkable world of four Irvings who own control of 40 per cent of the private sector economy in New Brunswick, likely wielding more relative power than any other family in Canada.

It could all be drawn from Stephen Leacock's *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town*, the small-town paternalism and the devotion of the three middle-aged Irving sons—Jim, Arthur and Jack—to the ways of their retired father. The documentary shows how the Presbyterianism seems to coincide with modern technology. But if the glow emanating from Walker's contrived bathes the Irvings in a generally warm and sympathetic light, it does not entirely ignore the hot flashes of criticism aimed at the family during five decades of accumulated power. What the film seems to imply is that, if only the Irving boys had made themselves accessible to their townsfolk, everyone would see what regular, down-to-earth lads they really are. It's certainly clear to the film that the strong hold held by the family over the business affairs of New Brunswick, and the surprising lack of civil largesse from a family analogous to the Borgias, Carnegies or Mellons of their time, have generated an abiding bitterness within many quarters of the Maritimes. Seen through the rose-tinted eyes of K.C. himself, however, the temper seems to fade away. "I like to see wheels turn," he explains simply. The Irving monuments may be the unlikely smokestacks, the unseemly, the pungent smell of prosperity. For K.C. himself, these are the wheels.

Above all that he has built, Irving cherishes the things he has grown—his trees, the millions of evergreens sprouting on Irving forest land throughout the province. These are the true K.C. Irvings who almost certainly outlive him, and likely his sons as well. They will be ready when the third Irving generation takes on the mantle of the grandfather, now, as the film ends, watching with satisfaction while the sunset streams through their young branches.

—ANTHONY WHITTINGHAM



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## SCIENCE

# Scientific quests on the firing line

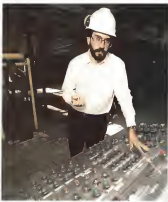
*A pragmatic drive to boost strategic research is threatening the future of free discovery*

By Mark Clearfield

**"I**f you could invent a one-piece suit you'd be a millionaire," chuckles Tom Warren, a research investigator for

Statoil Inc., as he contemplates metal samples in a Pyrex beaker. His unkempt manner and open-mouthed stare, like white lab coats bared, quickly demolish the stereotypical image of scientists as so many Dr. Frankensteins surrounded by potent pip-blasting with electrodes. Although the idea that he might be the inventor of the seamless container has probably crossed Warren's mind, for the moment he's happy working on an improved plastic coating for the industry's recently released two-piece steel cans. Warren, 38, is a applied research—he focuses his scientific expertise on a specific goal that determines his methods. "I feel lucky," says Warren. "It's working on new products where I can put in my own ideas. Most people think a can's a can, but a lot of thought goes into the simplest items."

Statoil's airy, comfortable research and development facilities reside on a landscaped hilltop overlooking a Canadian harbor. Meanwhile, at the federal government's research laboratories in Ottawa, another kind of scientific work is in more austere buildings whose pebbled glass panes telegraph its institutional status. Here at the National Research Council (NRC), Canada's Nobel laureate closest, Gerhard Herzberg—in his 70s and still going strong—investigates the lifespan of ultraviolet light. "This is an inquiry no private industry could afford to undertake: its economic potential at present is nil, and a few solar chemistry lab tests at best \$250,000 annually," says Herzberg. "My work is very abstract, but it might eventually prove useful for some application. I don't think of it at the moment."



Warren at Statoil (top); Nobel laureate Herzberg. The improved can will cost \$10 more, but it might prove useful.



Science and technology today is an essential, arguably the most significant contributor of modern man. The essence of scientific investigation is an inquiring mind like Herzberg's, continually probing new frontiers. Less visible but equally important are applied scientists like Warren, who transform basic discovery into useful products. Although the distinction between them is not always clear-cut, governments around the world have been farmed by the constant demands of short-term economics to weigh carefully the relative benefits of basic and applied research. As the new master of scientific imperialism, Japan presents a striking example of how applied research in specific areas such as electronics can power a nation's economic revival. Convinced in turn that superior technology is the key to

bolstering Canada's own faltering economy, John Roberts, minister of state for science and technology, has been targeting potentially profitable Canadian natural resource products, biotechnology, and telecommunications for massive infusions of federal money. Direct tax incentives may also be extended in order to boost private industry's own research and development (R&D) spending. To many public sector scientists, however, this stress on strategic targets has grave implications: basic research in non-targeted areas may become seriously underfunded. "Who's to know which discipline is going to provide a major 20 years from now?" asks Geraldine Kenney Walker, professor of chemistry and physics at the University of Toronto. "By restricting basic science you inevitably limit your future technological options."

The push for economic accountability comes at a time when nearly half of basic science research and scientists in Canada are in a state of crisis.

Canada ranks second lowest among

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Western industrial nations in scientific research and development— a meagre 0.9 per cent of GNP (see graph).

• Funding for strategic research in support of such national priorities as transportation, energy, food and environmental at the same has already increased 400 per cent from 1974 to 1980, while basic research funding has increased less than 40 per cent.

• Genetically, the country's major source of scientific knowledge, have also suffered from attention. In a typical chemistry lab over the past decade, equipment funds have been reduced by 90 per cent and supply budgets by 90 per cent. A neuroscience worth \$4,000 in 1970 now costs \$10,000, and in the past five years alone the cost of lab animals has nearly doubled.

• Scientific "efficiency" is rampant. In Ontario, only one student in three takes science courses in Grades 11 and 12. • Canada's future supply of qualified science teachers is in danger. The Science Council of Canada reports that full-time involvement in math, engineering and physical science doctorate programs dropped 30 per cent



could not demonstrate causal links between R&D investment and economic growth. In fact, the U.S. National Science Foundation concluded in 1979 that the government policy of targeting areas where basic research could most profitably be transferred into usable technology was a failure. Science simply ran out of ideas, explains planning and forecasting officer Leo Dierkes. "Because innovative research was being ignored," accordingly, Canada's National Sciences and Engineering Research Council (NSERC) has balanced its recent push for more strategic grants with requests to boost basic research. The government has responded with a modest over-all 13-per-cent rise in estimated dollars in 1981-82 budget.

If the jockey universities seek research funding from the provincial governments, they encounter similar problems. In B.C., the minister of universities, science and communications is Dr.

Kennedy-Wallace. No clear winners



Leo Dierkes

Patrick McGee, an eminent neurologist and one of the few scientists to hold public office in Canada. McGee echoes Roberts' emphasis on intensive high-technology investment and cautions that this basic research might be endangered. "I know of no circumstances where applied sciences detracts from pure sciences," says McGee. "There are many examples where it has been of benefit."

McGee cites crash programs like the development of new polymers by industrial giants like Dupont as examples of applied research creating spin-off discoveries. But Dr. Louis Siminovitch, chief consultant at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, points out that this kind of program would never have been possible without a solid foundation of basic science. War, for that matter, would the Manhattan project. The development of the atom bomb built upon advances in nuclear science accumulated over several decades by basic researchers such as Sir Ernest Rutherford, who opened in the '30s that he could see no future use for what he was doing.

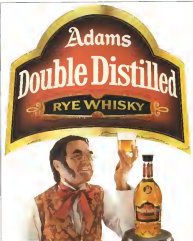
Private industry has always recognized the necessity of basic research and has a long tradition of funding universities for this purpose. But now climate equipment and reduced manpower are rendering university labs increasingly ineffectual. Governments are squeezing the treasury gates on basic science funding. For its own good, therefore, industry must invest more in public sector research activities. The most successful grant has been the \$50 million the West German chemical giant Hoechst has given to Massachusetts General Hospital for biomedical research. In return, Hoechst has right of approval over most research projects and first refusal on all patentable processes and inventions. No Canadian company has matched this largesse—although Imperial Oil, one of the country's largest private funders of research, will distribute \$300,000 to 50 projects next year.

When scientists speak out on these issues in public, they are frequently met with hostility. Why, people wonder, should scientists play around in these bits of the public's expense when the results are unpredictable? Increasing faith in science's ability to solve pressing social problems, as revealed in a recent U.S. survey, has not helped either. Ignorance of what science is all about seems to be its worst enemy, and scientists themselves tend to be close-mouthed about their work. Says University of Toronto metallurgy professor Ursula Frisch, a former science policy adviser: "For all their touted objectivity, scientists often put up resistance to being examined in a critical light."

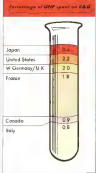
Nevertheless, scientists would probably be better off trying to explain how science works rather than leaving the paying public mystified. Traditionally, the scientist is seen not as a theorist but as an observer who stands aloof, allowing the universe to reveal its naked truths before an objective gaze. Sir Isaac Newton himself made this time-honored fiction respectable by saying "I do not make hypotheses," although the popular image of Newton hooked into enlightenment by a falling apple may be closer to the truth. The history of basic research and scientific discovery is, in fact, filled with inspired random connections and insights. The 19th-century German chemist Friedrich Kekulé claimed that the

benzene structure of the carbon atom to become apparent to him in a vision as he dozed (linked by their hands and tails). Today most scientists would agree with biologist Sir Peter Medawar's statement, "Scientists are holding no platonic stereotypes, telling stories which are scrupulously tested to see if they are stories about real life." Such a view suggests that the practice of science is an integral aspect of culture, an act as intense and demanding as the creation of art. Some scientists therefore feel that basic research, unlike applied, should never be expected to demonstrate "pay-off" potential.

But when the breakthrough discoveries come thick and fast, the way-tower isolation of pure research is



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quickly enveloped in the rush to the patent office. Nowhere has this been more evident than in the burgeoning field of gene splicing, which is rapidly becoming a paradigm of the dangers inherent in allowing private industry unlimited access to the basic resources of life. No sooner has another gene been mapped or a new splicing enzyme discovered than a commercial application pops out of the test tube. In the U.S., virtually every top-level university gene splicer either works as a corporate consultant or owns shares in biotech companies such as Genentech, Biogen and Cetus for fear that others will reach the Swiss bank first with genetically engineered illnesses.

Alarms are already sounding, however. "When the scientific goals give way to competitive goals, the joys of innovation and discovery are drastically affected," says Bruce Vladez, Stanford University President Donald Kennedy has testified before a congressional subcommittee that the secrecy surrounding possible commercial applications is impeding the free exchange of biological materials and information necessary in basic research in a community of scholars. Hoping to capitalize on their professors' discoveries, Harvard and Stanford have considered incorporating their own companies. After heated debate concerning the possible mismanagement of such a move — "public or perish" might soon be replaced by the equally pernicious "patent or perish" — both universities decided their academic freedom would be compromised and scratched the proposals.

The confusion of university with commercial self-interest raises (hoary ethical issues. For example, biotechnologists have been acutely aware of how powerful gene splicing tools are and regulations in most countries still forbid genetic engineering on human subjects. More quickly than anyone had foreseen, however, a controversial move this spring with the unannounced exploitation of recombined genes in the bone marrow of two patients in Israel and Italy who had been diagnosed as incurably ill. The scientist in question, oncologist Dr. Martin Clive of the University of California, was severely reprimanded for unethical practices.

Clive maintains he was acting in the best interests of his patients and society, thereby reversing the age-old debate about an individual scientist's responsibility for the application of his own research. How objective will scientists be if their loyalties lie partially with private industries benefiting from potentially hazardous techniques? The question becomes more urgent when government itself declares that the economy comes first. A case in point is the environment. When government

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scientists first learned about the effects of acid rain, they filed it away and joined industry in actively discounting their own research. This happened at least a decade before the current crusade to downplay environmental issues in the name of the economy. If government was so slow to react then, what will happen now that basic research in sensitive areas (nuclear energy and defense) is increasingly funded by industry?

As the Chernobyl disaster showed, technological events often make quick decisions about applying their discoveries. Yet when scientists shy away from these ethical issues, the application of science then becomes the responsibility of government or industry. The tragedy is such a disengagement deeply affected certain physicians working on the Manhattan project—among them Bernard Feld, now at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. "I believed in the project because I thought we had to do it to end the war," recalls Feld. "When they dropped the bomb on Hiroshima, I thought, thank God, it's over. Then they dropped it on Nagasaki and I knew I'd been had." Feld now works on having a voice in the application of his research and has become actively involved in alerting the world to the dangers of the nuclear



Gene splicing: commercial applications pop out of the test tube

arms race through his journal, *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*.

The difficulty in deciding who should control the application of basic research is intensified by an educational system that produces overspecialized "experts" reluctant to apply their expertise in the context of larger social issues. Franklin criticizes this pursuit of knowledge, power and status at society's expense. "A scientist is a citizen with a tachyon," she says. "Because of their eagerness to get back into their box they ignore the citizen. You need general purpose tools, not ones that won't open doors."

A basic research centre such as the SRC or a university remains one of the few places where the broadening of individual perspectives is possible. "At the university the cross-fertilizing of disciplines is our life," says Kenway-Wallace. "Certainly common-oriented research is more readily funded, but here you can cultivate a group of people who can help you follow through your ideas. That's why we stay." The frustration with top-level over-fertilization can be momentary though, often unpredictable. Important breakthroughs may depend on the fortuitous meeting of minds. The famous double helix molecular structure of DNA was finally discovered after a decade of intensive and costly research on both sides of the Atlantic largely because a geneticist, James Watson, happened to team up with a biochemist, Francis Crick, in a lab where a crystallographer, Rosalind Franklin, had just perfected a new technique of determining molecular structure by x-ray diffraction. It is precisely this kind of random alchemy that may be threatened in the current

rush to reap a technological harvest.

Whatever their views on the commercialization of free research, scientists agree on one point: pre-university science education is in a deplorable state and must be rescued, whether it is providing for the future scientist or the generally educated layman. Until now science education has been the responsibility of inadequately trained general teachers at the public school levels and overspecialized experts at the senior and university levels. Says David Suzuki, professor of genetics at the University of British Columbia and host of the CBC's *The Nature of Things*, "Science should be as

manipulative as the three R's—the educational system has to change. The public has an enormous voice and it's the parents who have to be shown that their kids are being shortchanged. Science is too important to be left to experts."

A solid grounding in science for the general public is not the only concern, the pressure is on to provide manpower for industry—engineers and computer scientists especially. "The government's recommendations for increased industrial involvement in SRD aren't going to happen on their own," says Jack McKay, head of man at Stelco Inc. "The policy will make great demands on capi-

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# A bold and grisly tangle in the bush



By John Masters

Gentle Ben and Grizzly Adams networks leading, the public image of bears has fallen on hard times. Attention for the lovable creatures that frolic in Walt Disney cartoons has given way to images of unidentifiable emissaries with eight-centimetre claws. As people rush heading into the bush in search of oil and minerals or refuge from urban woes, the tiny jockies they leave behind are turning once-wary bears into furious garbage junkies. And as alarming attacks on hikers spill into the news more frequently, it seems that bears' new habitats may be threatening their own existence.

The damage a \$80-billion black bear of 1994's grizzly can do is currently swelling the book market. Nerve-rattling prose ("It had been seven years since 20-year-old Brian Eugene Walker paid with his life for defying Yellowstone Park's regulations") and hard-core thriller titles ("Once the Day the Bear Almost Ate Our Baby Daughter") have spawned Killer Bears, by Vancouver writer Mike Cranford, prepublication sales of 30,000. The more moderate Grizzly Bear and Man in Canada's Mountain Parks sold out its 15,000-copy run in one month this summer. Even the Yukon territorial government's stand Bear Facts booklet has been in such demand the wildlife branch cannot keep a stocked.

Bear attacks on humans are only half the problem, however. According to Stephen Herrero, a professor of biology and environmental science at the University of Calgary, whose *Safety in Bear*

A grizzly in the wild (above); black bear (below); fearless garbage junkies



Country will be published next year, there have only been about 12 deaths caused by grizzlies and 30 by black bears throughout North America in the past century. Conversely, a dozen or more grizzlies are destroyed by man, either deliberately or by accident; every year is the 7,514 square miles of adjoining Jasper, Banff, Yoho and Kootenay national parks. Conservationists are concerned that, with the estimated four-park population around 300, the slow-to-reproduce grizzly may be in danger of dying out there. Yoho National Park warden Eric Longshaw,

who co-authored Grizzly with Dave Cotttingham, worries the great hunch-backed bear "will be extinct [in the four mountain parks] in 10 years at the present rate of kills." He adds "This year I haven't seen any new cubs yet, and I haven't heard reports of any. Last year every cub we encountered ended up dead on the highway or a railroad."

Interestingly, man's presence has had the opposite effect on the more voracious black bear. Already 10 times as numerous as the grizzly, the black bear (whose estimated population is about 70,000) is seeing its foraging territory extended by man's activities. "Continued exploration and logging mean more roads, lines, trails and clearings in forest areas," explains John Gassner, a biologist with the Alberta department of fish and wildlife. "Along with the clearings you get a lot of places of food value to bears, making them better bear habitats."

More bears mean more bear problems, especially every five or six years when the berry crop fails—so it did this spring around Pembroke, Ont. Al Armstrong, the area's fish and wildlife supervisor, says his department has had to shoot at least 15 bears as the hungry animals moved in on farmers' fields, honey hives and fast-food outlets. Another dozen have been trapped and released, but Armstrong points out that once they have had a taste of the good life, the misadventures return. Says he: "Once a mischievous bear, always a mischievous bear." After an may at 32 complaints a day this summer, Armstrong is hoping Ontario's fall bear hunt, from mid-September to the end of November, will thin numbers out by next spring.

Experts like Herrero and Longshaw argue less drastic solutions to bear problems. Educating the public to better understand bears and their habitats can minimize chance encounters with a feeding bear or a sow and her cubs—the two main causes of attacks on humans. As well, improved garbage disposal in wilderness areas will prevent the animals from losing their natural foraging instincts. Several Canadian parks now have bear-proof waste bins, while others have begun tracking their garbage out of the areas. The big problem now, says Ken Fowles, regional information adviser for Parks Canada's western region, is getting campers and hikers to be as diligent. Says he: "They think the park is just another place to drop litter." ◇

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## FILMS

# She spanked to conquer



Holst and Dunaway, smokes of triumph never quite mask Crawford's terror

MOONIE DUNAST  
Directed by Frank Perry

**L**ike Anna Magnan's work in *The Rose Tattoo* or Bette Davis' in the TV movie *Strangers*, Faye Dunaway's portrayal of Joan Crawford in *Moonie Dunast* overpowers everything else on the screen, turning the rest into rubble. Mastering the high note of hysteria of daughter Christina's book, the movie is more sympathetic as it covers the actress' life from her first contract to her coffin. Dunaway's physical resemblance to Crawford is truly remarkable and eerie, but beyond reconstructing the push-like smile and mother-like bearing, she has kept inside the woman. When Crawford abuses her adopted child (Marc Hobbie), Dunaway's smiles of triumph never completely mask her terror. Here was little Lydia LeFevre from Texas (Dunaway slides occasionally and tellingly into the twang) who became Hollywood royalty and whose sacrifice to stay on top became wedded to a fierce determination to control.

When her career went as the studio MGM, Crawford found a new outlet far her repressed neuroses. Her emotions became dangerous playthings if she could not play the roles she wanted on screen, then she would play them for a smaller audience. What emerges most startlingly in Dunaway's work is Crawford's will to survive through domination. The older Christina (Olivia Scanlon) would remain under her thumb as a moment of past triumph, as would

her last husband, Papa-Gale's Al Steele. When Papa's hand would try to get rid of her after Steele's death, she would counter with "Don't you with me, fellow!" The board, and everyone else who dealt with her, knew better.

Belden has a performance been so compelling, so Wagnerian. Some other scene pulls the wire tighter until, near the end, the aged actress, comforted only by her vodka and her Dana, tries to make peace with her daughter. Reclaimed moments usurp all the hysteria. As monstrous as Crawford's behavior often was, Dunaway has found a way to connect her to our sympathies, if only by a thread. Dunaway provides a form of rescue when the movie's tone seems off into banality and camp under Frank Perry's direction. The performance is a profound act of the imagination, a true-life portrayal.

**F**aye Dunaway took on the task of playing Joan Crawford in *Moonie Dunast* only because the script told the story from the point of view of both mother and daughter. "Deathly" is how she refers to daughter Christina's best seller. "It's a human being you're dealing with, a human being making mistakes such as I have," says the sleek 40-year-old actress. Throughout her career Dunaway has shown a penchant for playing driven, tough women whose innermost truth is their neuroses: a criminal in *Boomer* and Clyde, a shady lady in *Chinatown*, Boris Fero, a heartless TV executive in *Ninev*, for which she won her first



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Greek. Angel Rivas: fractured rhythms

subtle racism all around him. During the games Liddell created a controversy by refusing to run the 100 metres on the sabbath, but won the 400. Abrahamson won the 100, and both men found peace of mind through their triumphs.

While the film does not live up to pole-release expectations (it was one of the most highly anticipated at the Cannes Film Festival), it is nevertheless a considerable distance ahead of the pack. And while the audience doesn't fully experience the awkwardness of the sports arena where pain and ecstasy shake heads, it is given more than gratitude glimpses into the lives of two young men out to better their best. *Chariots of Fire* is extremely wise about the motivations fueling athletic behavior: God, country, fear, love, vindication and personal glory. Scanting between the most profound justification of the self and it's willing to be led.

The structure of Colin Welland's script, however, is striking. There are sophisticated flashbacks and flash-forwards, your curiosity and rugged editing, and a tendency to veer off into the tangential. Too often, despite the polish of the script and some fine acting, *Chariots of Fire* is presented as a musical. The rhythms of athletic competition are fractured rather than optimized by slow motion. The director, Hugh Hudson, apparently attempting to add new life to the visual aspects of running, squanders too much into a frame and denies his audience the simple pleasure of watching an event for what it is—not what the camera can change it into.

Perhaps the most astonishing sequence is the 100-metre dash, over as a flash, as if denouncing and even mocking all the time and hype that had gone into it. The director means and means this event (it) is not all its catch, forceful power. Few things in *Chariots of Fire* are left to speak for themselves.

—L.O.T.

## ART

# Bowing to the whims of fashion

By Merike Walker

Shame to err in our plight—  
Let our lips provide delight—Voltaire

Eighteenth-century society allowed little room for truth. The least one could do, it seemed, was to style, and there is no question that Nicolas de Largillière did brilliantly. His lavishly painted portraits, currently featured in one of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts' most ambitious projects in years, reproduce in microcosm this age of artifice. First exhibited as the topography of some scholarly dabbling into a museum acquisition—a Largillière portrait—*Largillière and the Eighteenth-Century Portrait* grew to include 89 prints, paintings and engravings by the artist and contemporaries such as Charles Le Brun and Hyacinthe Rigaud. Organized by research curator Myra Men Kessel and experts from the U.S.S.R., the United States and France, the exhibit spans the still-pugnacious of Louis XIV's reign and the graceful, more elegant era of Louis XV. Unfortunately, this is a classic case of the little exhibits that grow. From \$145,000 (a suitably modest sum for a rather modest talent), the exhibition—the first in North America of Largillière's work—ended up with a \$150,000 price tag, a blockbuster reality and an evening-night protest by Quebec artists, academics and museum board members who criticized its elitism and irrelevance. Granted, Largillière did



'Condé de Castelfranc' (top), 'Portrait of Voltaire' (top left), self-portrait, a glasswork 'whirl' and power. Minister of propaganda for the

point most of the human project, painters and philosophers of the early 18th century, leaving us with a glorious "who's who" of the period. But despite the museum's claims and the artist's own obituary (praising him as a "universal painter" on a par with Rubens), Largillière was no innovator. His talent, however dazzling, remains largely of social interest.

Born in Paris in 1688, Largillière served his apprenticeship in Antwerp and then went to England, where he decorated the dining room at Windsor Castle with still lifes. Returning to his native city he became the darling of Parisian high society and the protégé of Charles Le Brun, first painter to the king and director of the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture. Largillière's own academy admission piece, submitted in 1698, shows the autocratic Le Brun enthroned in a studio festooned with velvet draperies and symbols of power. Minister of propaganda for the

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was king. He then outdid himself in creating a solemn, stately style, almost crushing in its majesty, where every structure, every gesture was hyperbolic. The heroic, historic or religious narrative was long, still life the economy (and paid accordingly).

No fail, Langhorne quickly fell in step and took up portraiture. It was pump at any price, using allegorical props to legitimize and glorify the most pedestrian subjects. This led to such works as *The Poetess* and the *Admission of the City of Paris Debarment* on a *Portrait in Honour of Louis XIV's Discovery of the City Hall after the Recovery from Illness in 1687*.

Portraiture was, in fact, an industry, and Langhorne, like his friend and rival Riquet, ended up a wealthy man. Demand was such that his studio turned out more than 1,000 portraits, which were copied and further broadcast in the form of engravings and etchings, the staples of the period. His *Portrait of Gerard Manley Hopkins* in his studio, a displaced sliver on the art of portraiture, reveals the close collaboration between artists and engravers. Langhorne and an assembly-line approach with a strict division of labor while his apprentices worked on oil or light-and-shade effects, the master was in select focus and usually prop-pose and a portrait for one woman, a giver of arrows and a crescent moon for another. Not surprisingly, the portraits are strikingly similar to the *Canons of Castelblanco* and a *Mile Duques* have the same eyes, the same mouth. Things changed, however slightly, when the Duc de Richelieu lost his *Portrait in Honour of Louis XIV* in a water at a tennis match and began collecting Rubens. Artists such as Langhorne, now weary of classical pomp and pageantry, pulled behind the French master of color and light and a new spirit, dubbed *romantic*, was tentatively born. Langhorne's portrait of Voltaire is representative of these later works: the colors have brightened and nearly uniform has given way to bourgeois informality. By 1745 when Langhorne died, color and its codified pleasure—had become the new doctrine.

After his death, Langhorne was soon relegated to obscurity, but he left behind revealing memories of an age desperately seeking reflections of itself. In one self-portrait, Langhorne portrayed himself as elegantly as he did his clients, and with good reason: by then he too had both fame and fortune. Later he paid the price of history, proving that an artist who caters to prevailing fashions often goes out with a bang. In art history, Langhorne is an also-ran, a journeyman minutely recovered by a later age's equally desperate need for scholarship, even at the expense of originality. □

## MUSIC

### For the record

FOR THOSE WHO THINK YOUNG  
*Rough Trade*  
(True North/CBS)

Perhaps encouraged by the mad success of *Acid Eaters*, Rough Trade has followed up with an album that is not only as catchy as that last one but also—and this is good news—far less reliant on the covering habit that threatened to become the band's trade mark. Still playing the libertine cludy, Canada



Pope-jaded stragglers are rebuffed

Pope has edited her mannerisms, dropping some of the blue West coasts. Her pose seems less artificial and more arid; this was she doesn't let her padded shoulders do all the talking. The singer is particularly pleasing effect on the title cut, which is breezily funky and has the average spirit by Rough Trade's standards. "The world is a playground/Have fun."

The eight other tunes are polished and danceable, ranging from the disco pop of *Flake's* "It's the Devil pop of Blood Lust—miles apart in subject content. Pope and co-writer Kristin Hagen remain fascinated by pulp visions of sex and violence, cocktail glasses, cigarettes, hot-and-heavy atmospheres. But except as some kind of warning against repetition, their lyrics don't really amount to much. Words such as "Lollapalooza" and "Lolita" from *The Second of the Profane* are used more for their sound than their sense. Only suburban teen-agers are likely to be shocked into thinking Pope's "Give me your sex" is a meaningful statement. One might wonder what in fact she's asking for



LET'S PARTY  
Mendelson Joe  
(Riot)

The title of the album is ironic. What it really means to say is "Let's preach." Fringing himself a voice crying in the wilderness, Mendelson Joe bewails the cruelties of modern life and shares his umbrella at Richard Nixon, These Mile Island and lawyers. Obviously there are lyrics to make you laugh ("My love for you is deeper/This is an Irving Layton poem"), but the songs are generally monotonous. Even as blues guitarist Colin Linden and Amos Garrett do nothing to dispel the torpid mood. No

doubt Joe is a decent fellow—"I'm a beard-removing man"—but must be always be the first to say so?

THIS IS THE ICICLE AGE  
*Martha and the Muffins*  
(Dineen/Polygram)

Compared to other Canadian new wave bands, Martha and the Muffins got off to a flying start. Early on, they were signed to an obscure label and their first single, *Eric Slick*, was a hit in North America and Britain. However, following the release of their second album, *Trout and Gumbo*, things seemed to fall apart. Troubled by external interference and internal unrest, they lost two members, Martha Lady (keyboards, vocals) and Carl Pinkle (bass, and momentum).

Luckily, their third album announces that the captives have been freed. Pinkle has been replaced by Jocelyne Lacasse, and guitarist Mark Gane has filed the gap left by Lady. The production is bright, stark and clear and leaves intact the calculated intelligence of Gane's vocals on *Big Whiskey*, *Phon* and *Swimming*. That pronounced, he sounds like a polite Lou Reed, and thoughtful.

Martha Johnson distinguishes herself as one of the most energetic fe-



Martha with Muffins holes get filled

males performing pop music: both sleek-lined and compassionate, she emanates *One Day in Paris* with a perfect simplicity beautifully matched by the song's lean and talking melody. By contrast, *Women Around the World* at Work gives her the chance to sound authoritative. Not so bunny or busy as the first two, this album combines spunky technical efforts and knowing eccentricities and includes at least one undeniable dance track, *You Sold the Cottage*. Entering get-away country, Martha and the Muffins are flying all over again.

—DAVID LIVINGSTONE

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# A government tired and confused

The Liberals wobble on, out of touch and abiding in their arrogance

By Allan Fotheringham

A return to Ottawa after several months away in the real world is like tripping and falling into a place of which there is partly due food, partly grumbled puff and equally divided cynicism. A great wind of half-truths wafts over you like a fetal breeze coming from an overripe swamp. The bullet-proof dark suits still walk about. Press releases, double and quadruple ends and the grey straws in its shoulders, prepared for the onslaught. The mass repression, however, is of a government that is grandly—magnificently—out of touch, nobility about like a unicorn, eternally safe with a comfortable majority but completely confused and virtually leaderless.

Pierre Trudeau's reputation hangs about when he might or might not go have merely left a Liberal party that is uncertain whether to obey (and follow) him or spend its time looking past him to some imagined savior who hopefully will descend from his hollow more than this one and countless with ordinary mortals. The Liberals are in a mess with the voters and at the moment are just as unpopular as when the disillusionment after 1968 changed them to within an inch of St. James in 1972.

They have such a wonderful gift for it, their natural artifice overlaid with dogmatism grown out of too many decades in power. (Joe Clark's greatest sin, historians will record, is that his nine-month bungling deprived the Canadian political process of a healthy cleaning in that a Liberal party forced into thoughtfulness in the desire for a good spell would be of the more benefit to the country.) The examples abound. There is the delightful André Ouellet, once—credible as it sounds—profiled earnestly in the magazines a few years back as a future leader of the party out of Quebec. Ouellet's intransigency approaches even that of the prime minister (though he lacks the brains) and his Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

now legendary quote that small businessmen who depend on the post office had better find another trade has already been exhausted in the mythology of our times, proof insurance that Liberals who stay too long in Ottawa tend to have large jobs of their own to disintegrate into fiction.

There was that striking career at the outer cabinet's deliberations in Cape Breton, when the angry coal miners on strike surrounded the large car carrying finance minister, Allan MacEachern,

found first of all that he didn't even know there was a strike and then—oh fabricate joy!—that he couldn't remember how much he was paid. One wanted to be a coal miner at that moment.

There is the wretched Jean-Luc Pepin, an intellectual sent to the meat-and-potatoes transparent portfolio because the PM doesn't like his constitutional ideas (there is a certain child's birthday party page in three matters of high status). Pepin's martyrdom to democracy was to slash Van-

Rail services over the summer when MPs weren't in Ottawa to protest and without bothering to refer the matter to the Canadian Transport Commission, which is there to represent the public (since the Liberals don't, someone has to).

There is the delicious cynicism that is the best evidence yet of the mood of this particular government. It is the day when angry and worried mortgage holders has in front of them to hold a demonstration on Parliament Hill to protest high interest rates. Not only does the housing minister, Paul Cosgrove—or any other minister—now have the courage or courtesy to come out and address the crowd, some insensitive tort within the system ordered Ministers equipped with helmets, clubs and the usual riot gear to guard Parliament from the people who own it. A government that sends armed guards against people who are merely frightened of losing their homes is not a government that deserves any support.

To rub in the point, the supposedly departing Mr. Trudeau has now engaged his blunder cabinet to do, the largest number of cabinet history.

It means one-quarter of the whole Liberal caucus is now in the cabinet. It means that the Liberal cabinet is now larger than the entire legislature of Prince Edward Island. It means, to further represent the West where they can't get elected, the Liberals have appointed yet another senator, Jack Austin, the only Vancouver racing promoter ever to be appointed a QC, and one of the least popular figures in B.C. public life. This government is suicidal.



and Treasury Board chief Don Johnston. MacEachern's funny performance in his portfolio was demonstrated perfectly by the fact that, proudly boasting the think tank in his own hard-timers riding, he was completely unprepared for the demonstration and led his complacent and obdurate colleagues into the ambush. The helpless and bewildered look on the faces of the two captives, transmitted across the country, illustrated exactly the recent posture of a cabinet that would be tossed if as election was held today.

To complement things in appropriate style, it is this rare ferry of these innocents abroad outside the safe ghetto of Ottawa, there was the startled figure of External Affairs Minister Mark MacGugan, accused by the trade miners who demanded to know what his annual salary was. MacGugan, who seems to wander through the world of diplomacy like little boy lost, is so glib that he—unlike most politicians—has sometimes blurted out the truth by accident. He con-



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